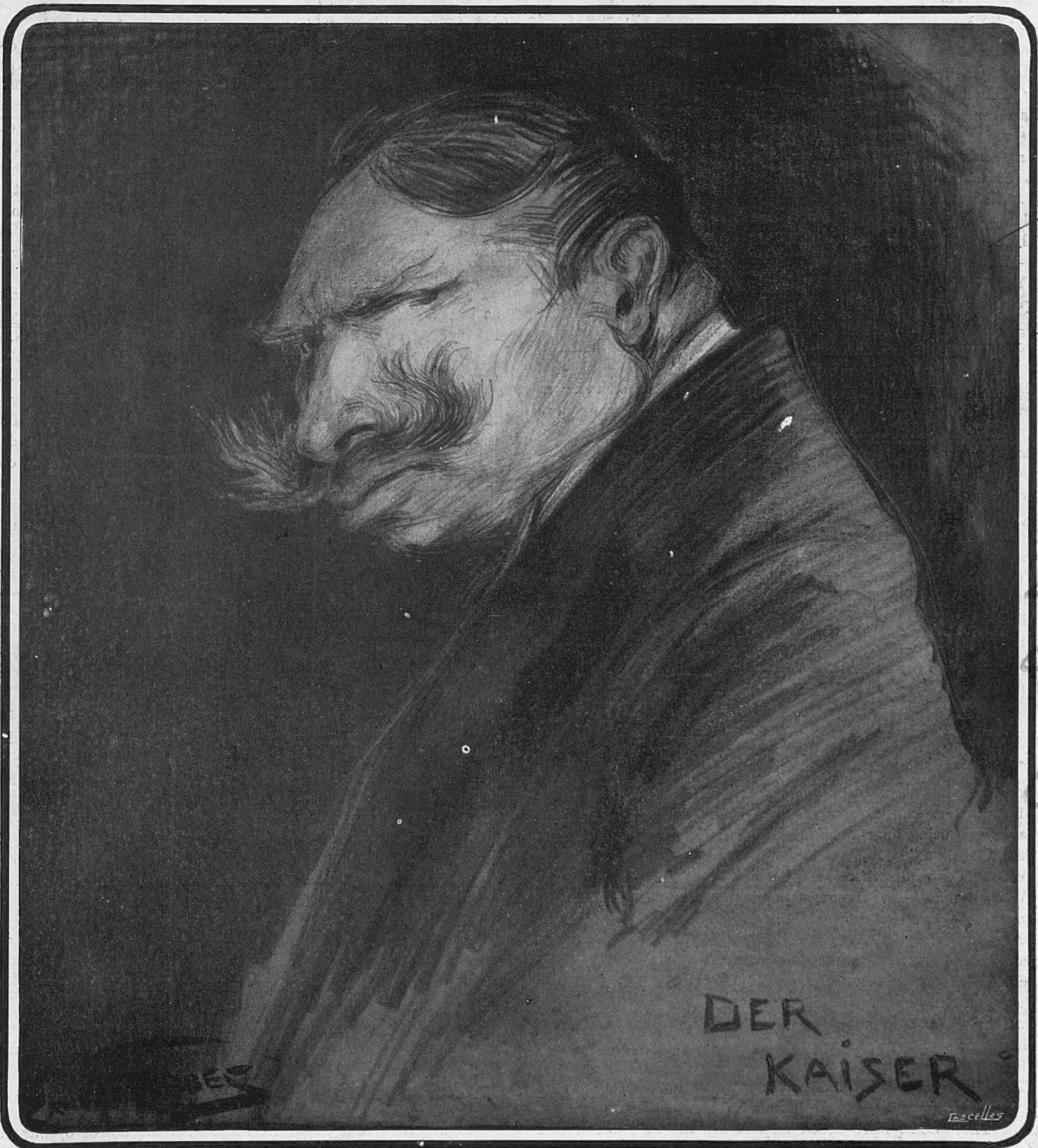


The Sketch

No. 1130.—Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

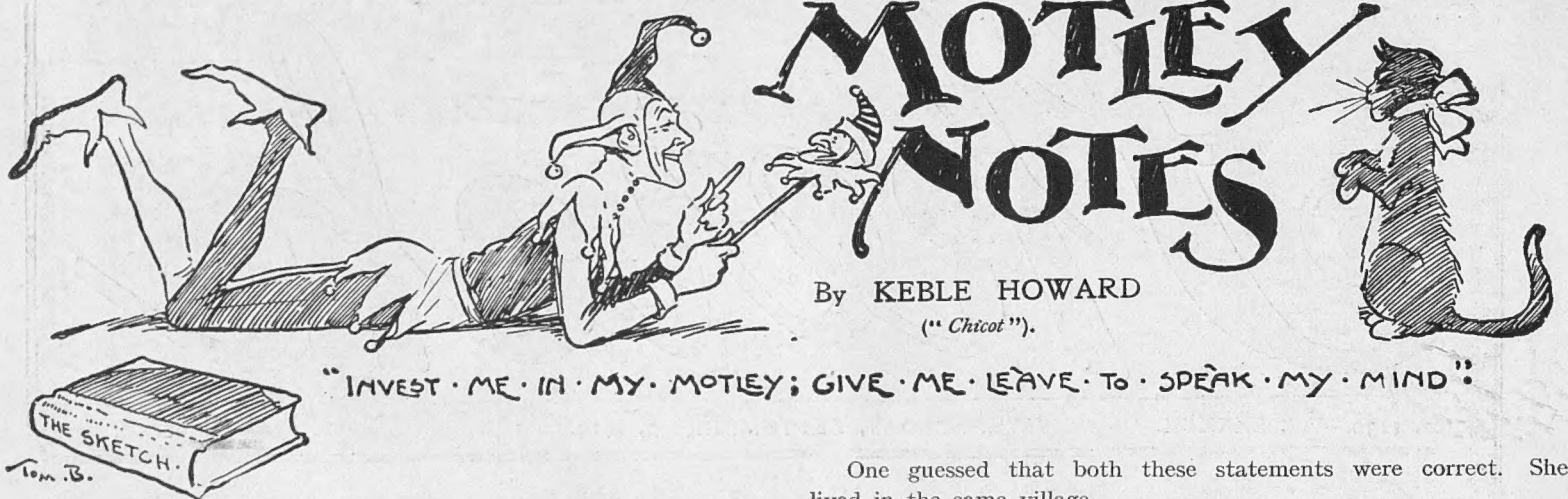


Let me

He
have
no
rights

NAPOLEON!

DRAWN BY ERNEST FORBES.



The Human Tommy.

Here is a real conversation which I have just had with a wounded Tommy who fought in the battle of Mons. The scene was a charming room in the house of a wealthy philanthropist who lives in my neighbourhood. The house will accommodate thirty convalescents, and is fitted up with every possible convenience, and every comfort approved by the medical authorities. Each man, for example, has his dressing-gown, his pair of slippers, and his suit of pyjamas.

I was told by the Nurse-in-Charge, by the way, that the men do not like pyjamas. On the morning after their arrival, they complained of being cold in the legs during the night.

"But you all had those nice warm pyjamas," protested the Nurse-in-Charge.

"Yes, Miss, that's all right," explained the spokesman of the party, "but we took off the breeches because we couldn't get to sleep in 'em, and only wore the jackets." Kind friends who are preparing other convalescent hospitals might make a note of this.

There were only two men in the room into which I was shown. The others were rambling amid the unlit Surrey hills that surround the temporary hospital. One of the two was a cheery young chap who seemed glad enough to talk and had plenty to say. The other only opened his mouth once. He looked pale and worn. The horror of war seemed to have caught him in its grip, shattering his nerve as well as his body. His eyes had a hunted look, and when my young friend chatted gaily of whistling bullets, the other man glanced uneasily about him, and tried to keep his attention riveted on a copy of *Tit-Bits*. He traced each line with his finger as he read it, and when he looked up, "kept the place" with his finger, as children do.

There you have the difference in the direct effect of war on individual temperament.

The Love-Bullet.

"They got me in the shoulder," said my young friend. "It was the second day at Mons. Funny thing—the bullet went in at the front, and out at the back, and then in again off my water-tin. It didn't hurt much. It was a clean wound. They told us the Germans were using dum-dums, and we didn't like that, but mine wasn't a dum-dum."

"What did you do when you were hit?"

"Well, I went to the rear a bit, and lay on my back. While I was lying there, I suddenly heard a big gun go off somewhere behind me. At first I thought it was our chaps, but it wasn't. It was the Germans, and I soon saw what they were after. They were firing at a church that had been fitted up as a hospital. The first shot fell short, and the second, but the third carried away the steeple as clean as a whistle. They can fire, the artillery can, but their rifle-shooting's rotten. They can't hit anything, not even an ambulance-wagon.

"They fired on the ambulance-wagon I was being taken away in. You could hear all the shots whistling over the wagon. They don't have much respect for the Red Cross, and that's a fact."

"Have you got the bullet they took out of your shoulder?"

"No," he said, blushing beneath his tan. "I gave it away. At least, I sent it home."

The Funny Germans.

"How did you feel under fire?"

"Well, I got as near to the ground as I could.

At first I didn't much like the idea of it, especially the shrapnel. That's nasty stuff, that is. But you get used to it after a bit, although you see men going down all round you. If you get hit, you do; and if you don't, you don't. It's just luck, and you have to chance it.

"The Germans are the funniest lot of chaps. You can see the officers driving them on. They don't seem to want to fight, and yet they don't seem to care if they get hit. They just come on, sort of shambling-like, and you can't help hitting 'em. You don't have to aim. You just let fly and over they go. I never saw such a funny lot of men.

"They wear grey uniforms, just as hard to see in the distance as khaki. If there was a man standing up five hundred yards off in one of those uniforms, you wouldn't be able to see 'im at all.

"Mighty big chaps they are. I saw a lot of prisoners. There was one chap must have been six-foot-four.

"Our officers go in front when we're advancing, you know, and then lie down in the firing-line. It's the same for all, except that they stand more chance of being hit, because the Germans pick out the officers and go for them. You can easily distinguish an officer if you've got glasses."

When the Other Man Looked Up.

"Are those the boots you wore when you were marching?" They were very thick boots, very tough, and looked the last word

in discomfort.

"Yes. I marched in these."

"Are they comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, quite comfortable. I never had anything the matter with my feet."

"And what did you think of France?"

"Oh, that's a fine place. I never saw so many cafés and restaurants in all me life. Wherever you go, it's all cafés and restaurants. No grocers' shops, or drapers' shops, like we have in England, but all cafés. What it is, yer know, in times of peace, they live just for pleasure. What it is, I expect."

"Did you like the French soldiers?"

"Oh, yes, they're good chaps all right, what I saw of 'em. They wear long overcoats, even when they're fighting, and red trousers, very baggy, and postmen's caps. Funny to see men fighting in postmen's caps."

"Did you take part in a charge?"

"No. Some of our chaps wanted to charge, but the officers wouldn't let them. That was quite right, in my opinion. We were defending our position, and you don't want to charge, not when you're defending. That's the last part of an attack. We knew we should have to retreat, because our Captain told us the night before. It was all part of the plan, he said, and so we were not to be downhearted."

"Were you in hospital when the King and Queen paid their visit?"

It was here that the other man, with the horror of war in his eyes, looked up and spoke for the first time.

"I saw the King and Queen," he said, "and Lord Kitchener."

Then he relapsed once again into the pages of *Tit-Bits*, carefully tracing out the line with one finger.

FIGHTING AT HOME: LADY FRENCH AND HER "SOLDIERS."



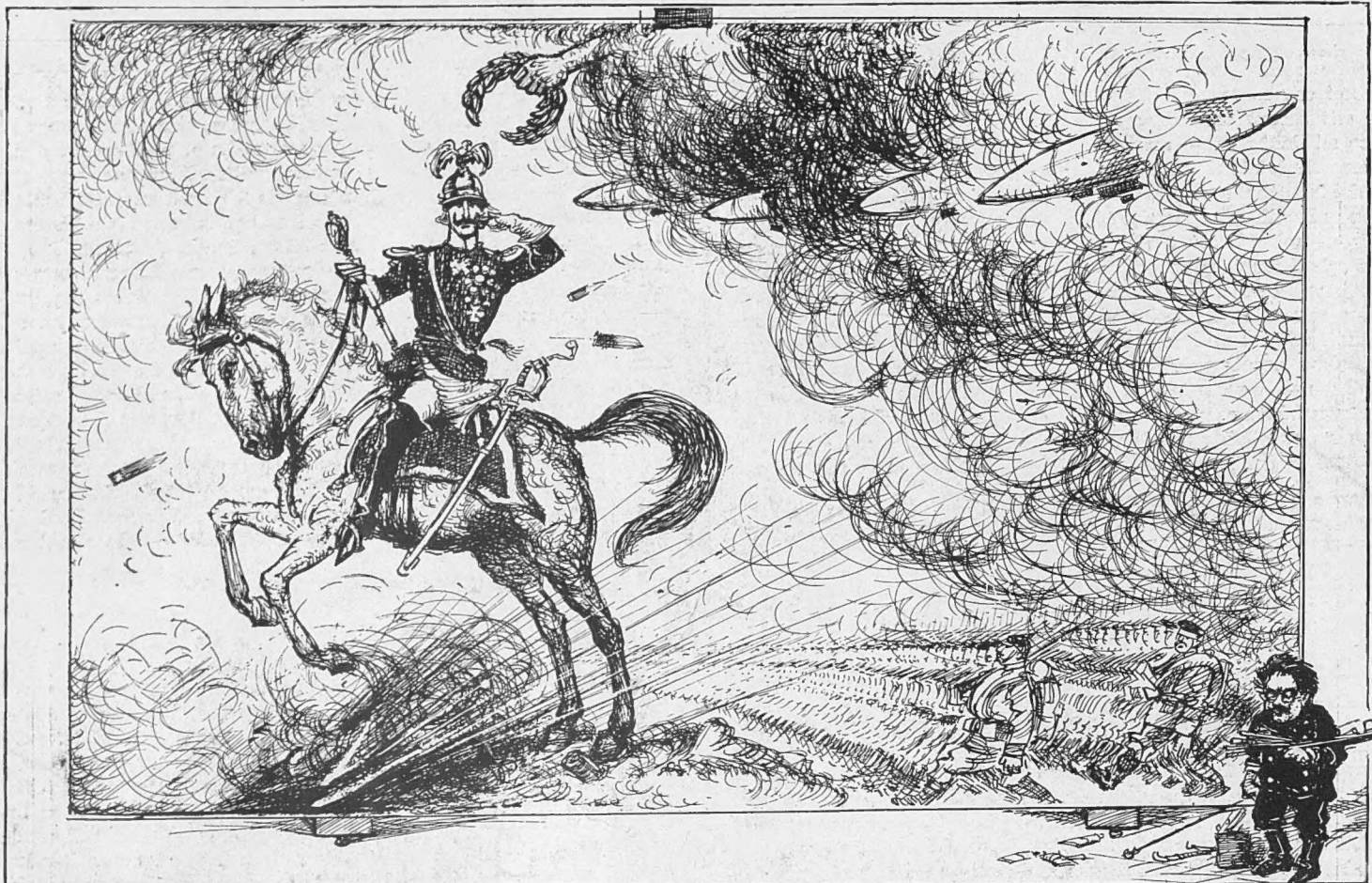
THE WIFE OF OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE FIELD AIDING HER POORER SISTERS: LADY FRENCH
WAGING A WOMAN'S WAR IN AID OF WOMEN WORKERS.

While her gallant husband is winning fresh laurels on the field of battle, the wife of Field-Marshal Sir John French is fighting in London against the great enemy Unemployment, which is waging war with the great industrial army of London's women workers. In a room at Harrod's, Lady French is seen in our illustration in

the midst of the girls and women to whom she is enabled to give work, paid for at the rate of ten shillings per week, with a good dinner and tea daily, as all materials for the work are supplied free. We need hardly point out that Lady French is standing in the centre of the room, dressed in black.

Photograph by Sport and General.

THIS PICTURE, AND THAT!—ROCHOLL'S DILEMMA.



AS WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR (WE DON'T THINK!) WOULD PROBABLY WISH THE WORK EXECUTED: A SUGGESTED STUDY FOR A GERMAN "BATTLE-PICTURE."



POSSIBLY NEARER THE TRUTH: WHAT HERR ROCHOLL MIGHT PRODUCE IF HE IMPRUDENTLY ADOPTED A MORE REALISTIC MANNER.

It was reported recently that the Kaiser had commissioned the well-known battle-painter, Herr Theodore Rocholl, of Düsseldorf, to go to the front in the western theatre of war in order to make studies for battle-pictures to commemorate the campaign in Belgium and France. Our artist suggests that Herr Rocholl may thus

be placed in a dilemma, between the duty of pleasing his Imperial master and that of reconciling his work with his artistic conscience and the demands of historical accuracy. The lower drawing suggests the glorious achievement of the German armies at Louvain! The upper is in a more decorative and spectacular style.

DRAWINGS BY DUDLEY HARDY.

TO GIVE THE GERMANS LESSONS IN "KUKRI": GURKHAS.



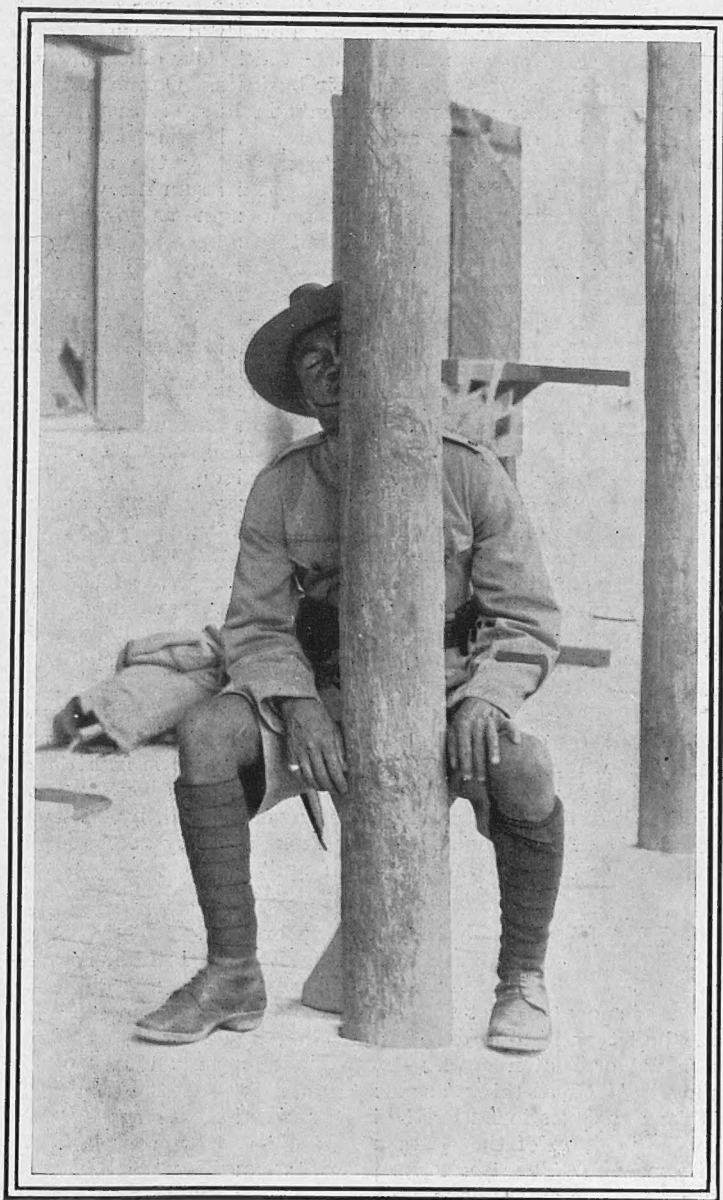
THE KUKRI IN USE: POISED FOR THE STROKE AT A GURKHA SACRIFICE.



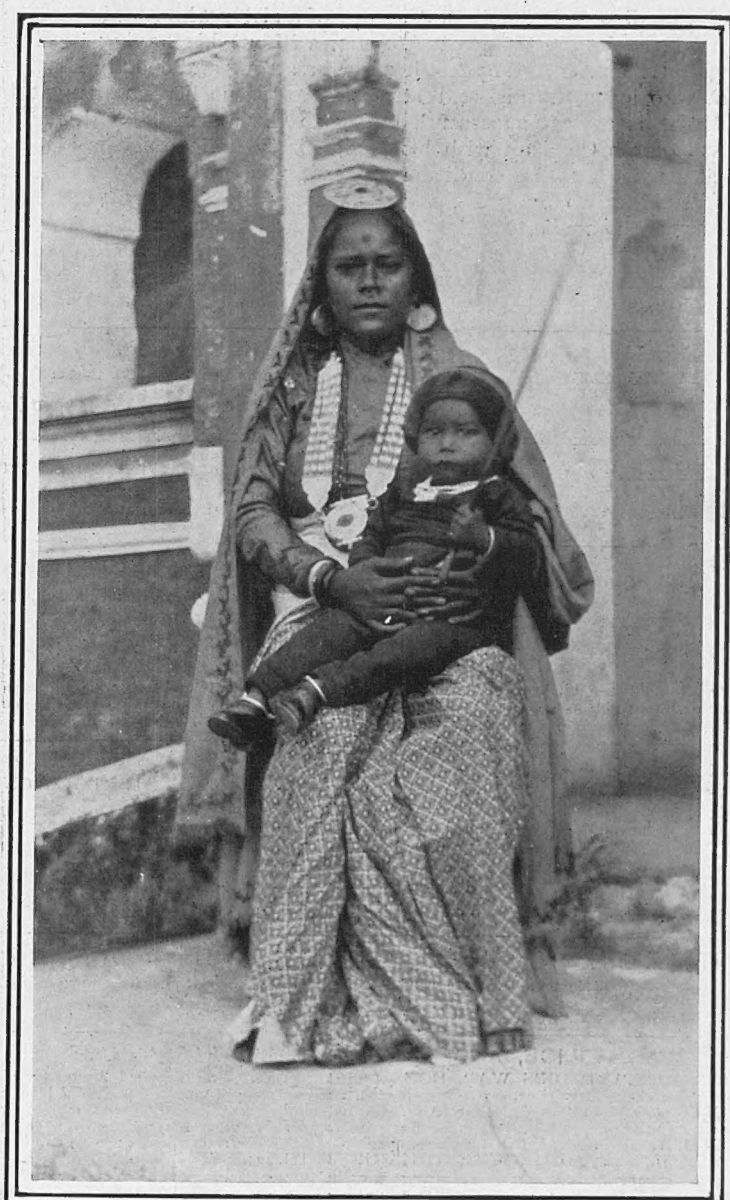
OFFSPRING OF A FAMOUS FIGHTING RACE—THREE LITTLE GURKHA BOYS.



RAW MATERIAL AND THE FINISHED ARTICLE: GURKHA RECRUITS AND SOLDIERS.



HOW THE LITTLE BROWN MAN FROM NEPAL CAN SLEEP! A GURKHA SOLDIER WITH HIS CHIN AGAINST A VERANDAH POST.



THE TYPE OF WIFE WHO DRAWS A MARRIED GURKHA'S SEPARATION ALLOWANCE: A GURKHA WOMAN AND HER SON.

Seven battalions of Gurkhas, the famous little hillmen of Nepal, form part of the Indian contingent selected to fight for the British Empire in Europe. The Gurkhas are very popular with the British Army, and in particular great friendships exist between them and the Highlanders. Sir Ian Hamilton, speaking of them with high praise in his "Staff Officer's Scrap-Book," writes: "At intervals since 1879 I have fought alongside of Gurkhas—I have had the honour of having them under my command—I have watched them long hours at musketry when the heart of the soldier very much reveals itself—I know them in camp and on the march, in war and in peace."

Another well-known British officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, has said of the Gurkha: "He is the most thorough little fellow that I have ever met in soldiering. He tackles any job that is given him like a bull-dog, and he is never beaten. In manoeuvres, as in action, the one thing a Gurkha regiment will not do is to go back." Gurkha recruits come from the villages of Nepal, usually wearing hillmen's dress—a loin-cloth, a thin waistcoat, a sheet or blanket as overcoat, and a cap tilted to one side. The Gurkha soldier is allowed to carry in uniform, along with his bayonet, the formidable native knife known as a kukri, to which he is much attached.

Photographs by E. E. Cowper.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THIS "mystery farce," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which Mr. Charles Hawtrey has brought from America to the Apollo, is most excellent fooling. It resembles another farce which we saw recently, in which what happened on the stage was only supposed to exist in the brain of one of the characters; but its burlesque is broader and more effective, and there is in it much more comic ingenuity. Mr. Hawtrey is an author of shilling shockers who retires to a lonely spot to write a story in twenty-four hours; and we see the story which comes in the form of a series of violent interruptions to his solitude, in the course of which he behaves with all the energy and coolness of one of his own heroes. A wild thing it is, about graft, and blackmail, and murder, and loaded guns, in which nearly everybody, down to the very policeman, is a ruffian, and all the ruffians turn and rend each other, and the policeman prepares to run away with the swag; and it can be heartily recommended to all in search of an evening of abundant laughter. It is ably and vigorously played. Mr. Hawtrey ought to be American for the purpose; but the fact that he is not does not hamper him much; and Miss Mona Harrison and Mr. George Tully may be specially mentioned in a company of all-round excellence.

"Forget-Me-Not" is an ancient drama by Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove, which has been put on at the Little Theatre in aid of the funds of the War Refugees Committee. It might at some points be mistaken for a burlesque, but it is the real thing, and a very good specimen of its obsolete class. A French marquise, steeped in wickedness, has incurred the hatred of a Corsican whom she has ruined in a gambling-den; she longs to establish herself in the best society, and in order to do so, blackmails a little English girl by holding over her the dishonour of a sister who has, in France, married the villainous creature's son, without his having received his parents' consent. Against her is set a strong and courtly Englishman, who loves the girl and struggles to rescue her—a struggle in which he is at last successful, owing to the alarm created by the arrival of the Corsican with his bloodthirsty knife. She is allowed to escape the knife on condition of leaving the girl alone; and after several skilfully managed thrills, all ends well. The feature of the evening is the brilliant acting of Miss Miriam Lewes as the Marquise, whose terror on the approach of the Corsican was extraordinarily vivid; and Mr. Ben Webster was admirably dignified as the Englishman who foiled her.

GARRICK (Gerr. 9513) **BLUFF KING HAL.**
EVERY EVENING at 8. A Comedy in Four Acts, by Louis N. Parker.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER as HENRY VIII.
VIOLET VANBRUGH as KATHARINE PARR.
Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2.30.

EMPIRE. "EUROPE," patriotic spectacular divertissement.
A Special Variety Programme.
Latest War Telegrams and Pictures. Evenings at 8.30.
Manager, Oscar Barrett, jun.

THE New Game, "International" Figure-Patience.
Sets with 96 Cards, Bag, and Rules, 2/6. International Card Co., 96-98, Leadenhall St., E.C.

WEYMOUTH

THE NAPLES OF ENGLAND.

No alteration of Splendid Programme for Visitors. Delightful Climate and Scenery. Pleasurable Steamboat Excursions. 18-Hole Golf Course. Other Sports. Military Bands. Concerts. Theatres.
Send ad. to Town Clerk for Illustrated Guide.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL.	FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. Unique Location in PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST. W. Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff. Inclusive Terms if desired. Telegrams: "Langham, London."	POSITION UNRIVALLED IN LONDON.

DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE
(Next General Post Office). First Class. 100 Rooms.
Restaurant. Free Garage.
"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

WAR, POLICE, AND SPECIAL CONSTABLES' DOGS.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S WAR DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied Army, for night sentries, preventing surprises, guarding camps, railways, bridges, 5 gns. POLICE and SPECIAL CONSTABLES' DOGS (Airedales) as supplied Metropolitan and County Police—best protection against tramps, burglars. For yard or house, town or country, 5 gns., pups 2 gns. SCOTCH, ABERDEEN, FOX (Rough and Smooth), IRISH Terriers 5 gns., pups 2 gns., Bloodhounds 20 gns., pups 7 gns. GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 0s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 10s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MADE IN BRITAIN: THE PERFECT WAR-MACHINE.*

The War Man.

"An army in the field," writes "Ubique" with obvious truth, "is very like a man fighting with those good old British weapons, his fists. The Staff is his brain, which plans how to outwit his adversary, thinks of ways and means, and controls the movements of the rest of the body. The Cavalry are his eyes and ears, with which he traces the enemy's movements. The Artillery is his left arm, with which he can reach far and strike hard. The Mounted Infantry is his right arm, which he can use to strike an unexpected blow, and with which he can quickly guard his body against sudden attacks. The Engineers and Army Service Corps are his feet, both necessary for keeping him moving forward. The great mass of Infantry is his body, in which lies all his power. If brain, eyes, arms, or feet are injured, the man may yet live, though he is seriously crippled. But the collapse of the body from a very heavy blow paralyses him for the time being." To these attributes must be added the Flying Corps, which may be called the fighter's binoculars, giving him greater vision. So it may be argued fairly that an efficient army is as wonderful a machine as is the perfect man. Unquestionably it is as delicate an organism, despite the rude work it has to do. And, it thinks!

An Engine
Cunningly
Contrived.

In other words, war as it is now waged is a science, a complete art, however much the lover of peace at any price may decry it. It is, moreover, a triumph both of the individual and the individuals: the Commander-in-Chief is all-powerful, but without trained and intelligent support from those under him, from Chief of Staff and Generals to humblest private and trooper, he cannot succeed. That, it is safe to say, is the great source of strength of the British Army the German War Lord held in such contempt, and, to his cost, knows better than he did! Our officers, of course, have to use their brains: it is their business. Our men are by no means as are their present opponents in battle: they, and their non-commissioned officers, are no mere, unthinking, inert pieces of mechanism, valuable only when assembled by the master hand. Rather are they a series of well-regulated instruments which, working together, make up an ideal whole, an engine as powerful as it is cunningly contrived. If proof of this were wanted, it would be found in many places, notably in that chapter of "Ubique's" book which deals with the duties of the cavalry screen in touch with the enemy.

Individualism;
and Dust-Clouds.

The necessity for individualism is paramount, even in following clearly defined rules. A Colonel in the cavalry battle at Corroy was very wise when he caused every man in the battalion to be told the plan of attack before he started, for at the critical moment everyone knew what it was intended he should do. "You will realise how difficult it would be for the Colonel to give orders to, and control the movements of, his three hundred and sixty men spread out over such a large space. In fact, what with the noise of firing and the hail of bullets poured on the British by the enemy, the task would be practically impossible." In innumerable other instances the intelligence must supplement mere physical power. "Towards ten o'clock we see a low, thick cloud of dust rising on the road about two miles to the north . . . and, if you have read 'B.-P.'s' book on scouting, you know that that sort of cloud means infantry. The dust made by cavalry rises much higher in the air, and is much thinner; while that made by guns and wagons is in little groups of clouds. By knowing this, you can tell from several miles away what sort of a force is passing along a road; and, by observing the length of the dust-clouds, you can make a pretty accurate guess at the number of men who stir them up."

Bullet-Proof
Snow; and
Buttons.

Other items of knowledge sound trivial, but are of immense importance. "They had some experiments—in Sweden, I think it was—and found that a bullet would not go through a bank of snow two feet thick! The snow packed about the head of the bullet and stopped it. The bank, by the way, was not even rammed or beaten down; it was merely thrown up loosely with shovels." Great things are made of small. Ask the officer! "The Uhlans are questioned by the lieutenant of the troop with reference to the position of the German forces, but they refuse to give any information. The subaltern sees by their uniform buttons that they belong to the 2nd Uhlans, and he mentions this in the report which he sends to his colonel, so that the latter may, at any rate, know that that regiment is in the neighbourhood. Later on, when the report reaches headquarters, General Douglas's chief Staff-Officer looks up the list of the German Army, finds that the 2nd Uhlans belong to the 2nd German Cavalry Brigade, which he knows is attached to the 2nd German Army Corps, and he therefore deduces the fact that the latter force is somewhere in the vicinity." Read, too, "How the Guards Fortify Trou-du-Bois"—indeed, read and re-read the whole of "How Armies Fight": it is as lucid as any layman could desire, and has far greater fascination than very many a novel. Its accuracy is guaranteed by the fact that its author is a Royal Engineers officer; and nothing could be more complete.

"How Armies Fight." By "Ubique." With Maps, Diagrams, and Illustrations. (Nelson; 1s. net.)



SUPERIOR TO SEX: A PAYING EXODUS: WHAT! NO CHAMPAGNE?: REAL JAM!

Women Soldiers. The inevitable crop of women soldiers is already making its appearance in the Great War. One of these heroines, who did a very gallant deed in rescuing a wounded soldier, has been discovered amongst the Russian forces; and though probably she will not be allowed to take any further part in the campaign, she will go down in Russian history as a minor star—a follower of Joan of Arc and some of the Spanish heroines of the Peninsular War. The British Army has had its women soldiers, and two of them are buried in the cemetery of Chelsea Hospital. One of these dames was Hannah Snell, who, from her portrait preserved in the Great Hall of the Hospital, was a most truculent-looking person. She served in the Siege of Pondicherry and was badly wounded, her sex being discovered when she was removed to hospital. She became a pensioner, and wore, on occasions, the three-cornered hat and uniform coat of Chelsea; and she was buried, at her own request, in the graveyard of the Hospital. Christina Davis was another female soldier who received a pension, and who is described as a "fatt, jolly woman." When she acknowledged to her sex she resumed some of the privileges of that sex, and married in succession three husbands, the third being a Chelsea pensioner.

"It's an Ill Wind." Most of the haunts of tourists in France are utterly deserted just now, but there is one of the great playgrounds which at present is full to overflowing with well-paying guests. Touraine is on the high

road from Paris to Bordeaux, and its towns are reaping a golden harvest from the people travelling in automobiles between the late capital and the present one. At Orleans it has been almost impossible to find a lodging, and at Blois the people who had never before thought of taking lodgers have let their rooms night after night. Tours is in disgrace just now amongst these travellers, for at least one of the hotels there has asked exorbitant prices, demanding as much as fifty francs a night for a shake-down. Some of the conveyances seen on the road between Paris and Bordeaux have been of the strangest character. One family, determined to bring some of their household treasures away from Paris, put



THE GERMAN SAUSAGE IN ITS PROPER SKIN AND DULY PICKELHAUBE-D: A PARIS HAWKER SELLING A TOPICAL BREED OF "COCHONS."

Photograph by C.N.

pneumatic wheels on to a light cart, and fastened the cart to the back of their motor-car, so as to tow it throughout the journey.

The Touraine Wines.

Should the armies now sweeping through the Rheims country so hopelessly damage the vineyards that there will be no champagne vintage this year, the Loire, with its excellent sparkling wines—of which Saumur is the best-known in England—will probably come by its own; and six years hence we shall perhaps all be pledging each other in Vouvray and talking of the Great War.

The Troops from Morocco.

France's coloured colonial troops have covered themselves with glory during the present campaign, and the Sheiks of Morocco—following, perhaps, the lead of our native Indian Princes—are offering their services to fight for France against Germany. France, however, is taking no chances in her newly acquired colony, and the native troops that have been shipped over to Marseilles and up to the front have been replaced by Territorial units, which General Lyautey has used to garrison all the principal towns of Morocco. The European colonists in Morocco, who cannot be called up for military service, have of their own free will formed reserve battalions and a company of veterans, giving their services voluntarily, in order to set free as many of the Regular troops as possible to go over to France.

The Jam Campaign.

The amount of jam that the British soldier is eating on this campaign has attracted the notice of all the foreign newspaper correspondents, American, Belgian, and French, who have seen for the first time the British soldier in war. The supply of this particular delicacy seems to have been unlimited. With jam, "bully beef," biscuits, and tea, the British soldier seems able to go anywhere and do anything. No doubt, jam is excellent food, and, to a certain extent, I fancy that it replaces fresh vegetables. The first campaign in which jam played a noticeable part was the second Boer War. It was said that any officer who did not show conspicuous military talent at the front was sent back to Stellenbosch to stick labels on the jam-tins.

Feeding the Soldiers.

In Peninsular and Crimean days, freshly killed beef and biscuits were usual rations of the troops; but the travelling field-kitchens on wheels which now accompany all regiments and batteries have improved the British soldier's lot in warfare very considerably, and even when fighting is in progress, our men are to-day better fed than the men of any other army. The French soldier fights, and fights well, on bread, cheese, fruit, and coffee; the Germans, during the present campaign, have had little more than bread and rice-soup; but Mr. Thomas Atkins has had his meat meals fairly regularly twice a day, and has always had a sufficiency of jam to offer some to any visitor to his bivouac.



A BRITISH ARMY AIRMAN SAID TO HAVE RECEIVED THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR: CAPTAIN ROBIN GREY.

It was recently reported in Warwick that Captain Robin Grey, of the Royal Flying Corps and the Warwickshire Horse Artillery, has received the Legion of Honour for distinguished services in the field. It will be recalled that General Joffre recently expressed high praise of the R.F.C. in a message to Sir John French, and asked him to thank them most particularly for their services.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

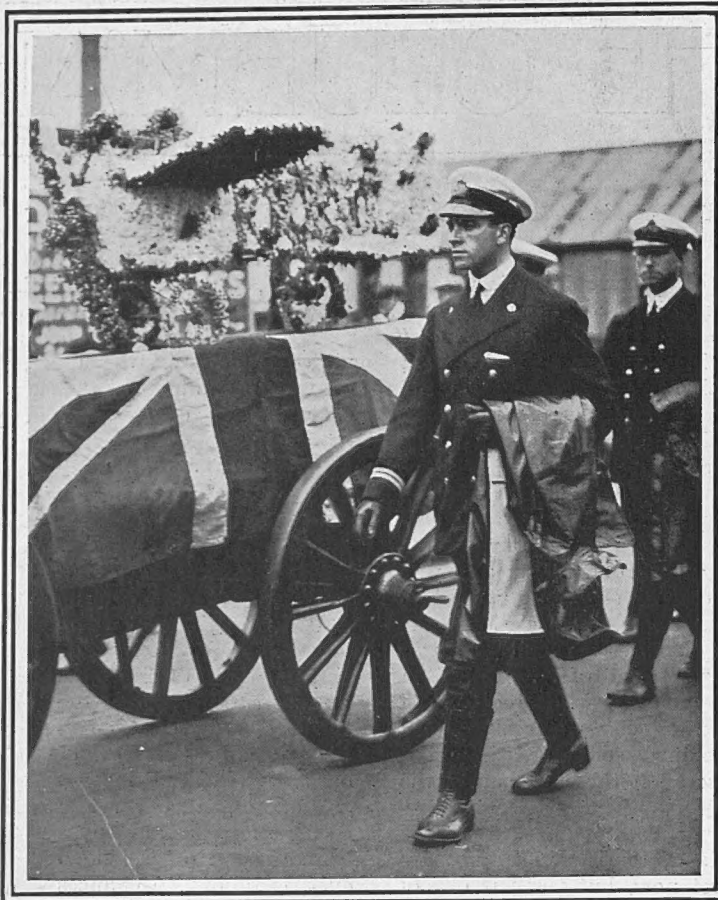
CELEBRITIES AND THE WAR: PEOPLE VARIOUSLY CONCERNED.



A FAMOUS AIRMAN WHO WAS WOUNDED AT MONS AND HAD A THRILLING ESCAPE: MR. GORDON BELL.



ORGANISER OF A BASE-HOSPITAL: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, WHO IS GOING TO THE SEAT OF WAR.



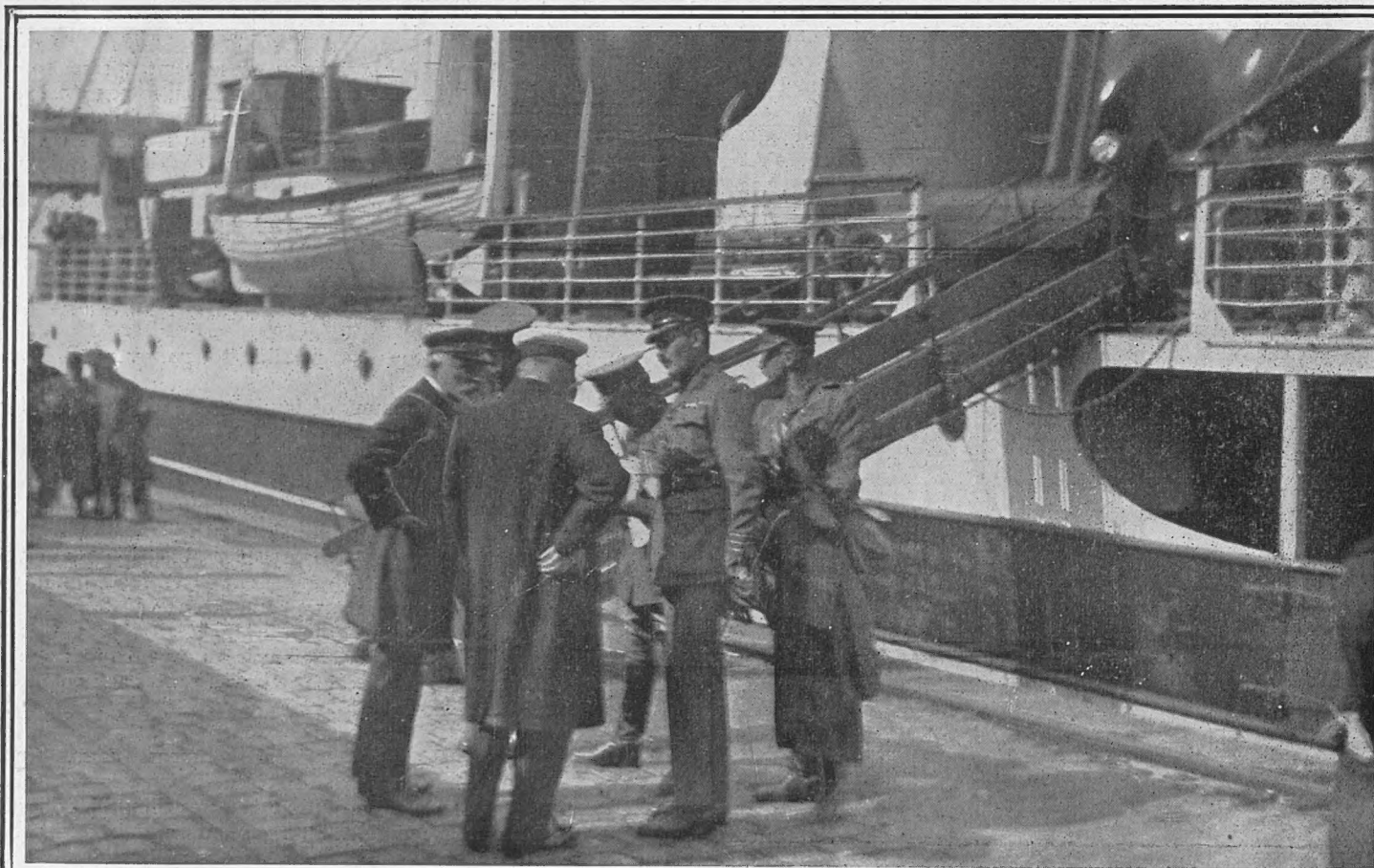
PALL-BEARER TO HIS FELLOW-OFFICER: FLIGHT-COMMANDER GRAHAME-WHITE AT THE FUNERAL OF FLIGHT-COMMANDER RICHARD GATES, KILLED IN A FLYING ACCIDENT.



BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN: MR. PAT A'BECKETT, WHO LEFT THE R.A. FOR THE STAGE, AND HAS REJOINED HIS REGIMENT.



COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE WHICH SANK THE "HELA": LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MAX KENNEDY HORTON.

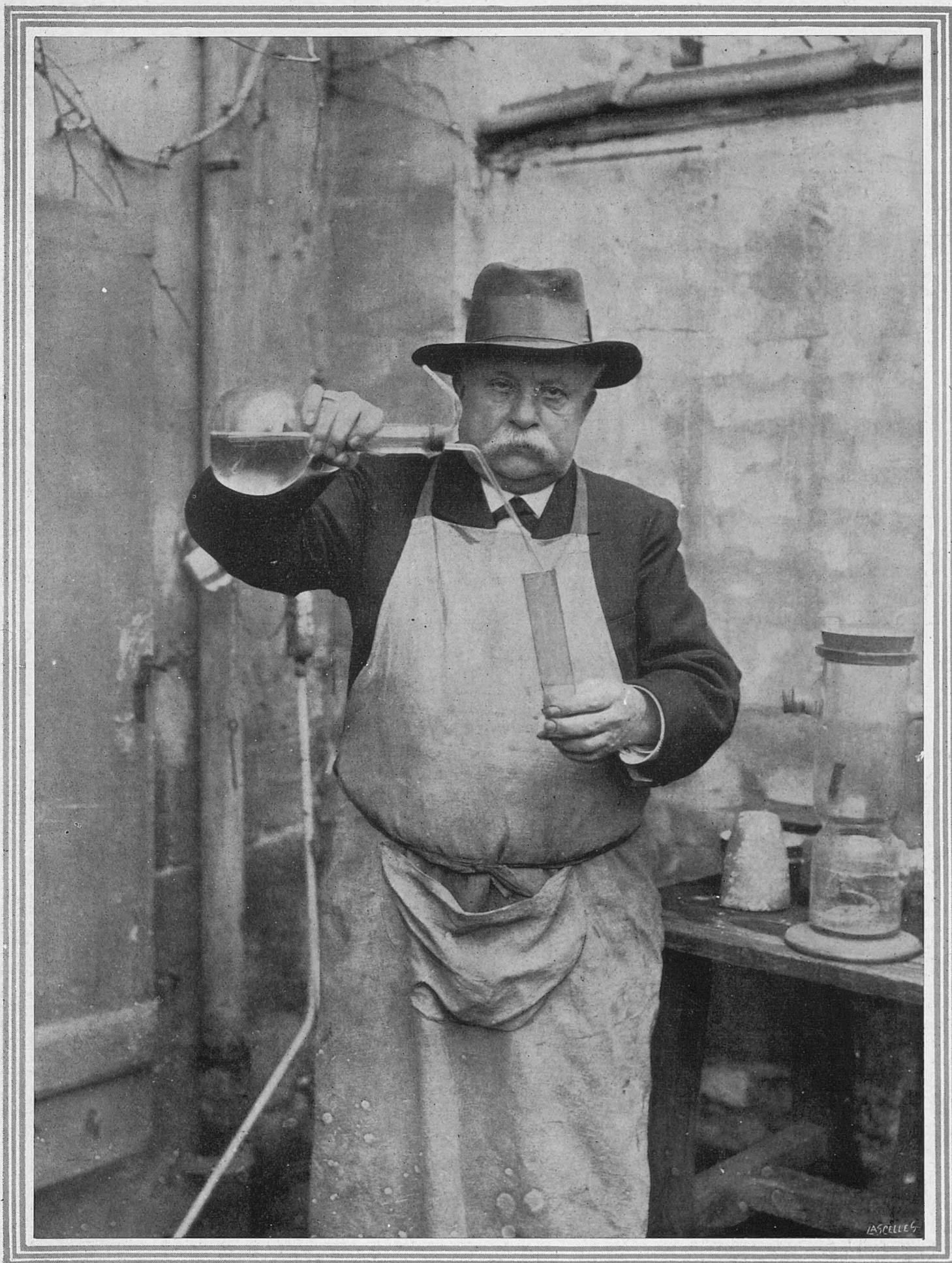


THE KING'S COUSIN ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT RECEIVED BY THE MAYOR OF HAVRE ON LANDING THERE.

The Duchess of Westminster, whose husband, the Duke, is at the front, recently volunteered to serve with the Red Cross in the field, and her offer was accepted by the War Office. She arranged to take out a large quantity of hospital material.—Mr. Gordon Bell, the well-known airman, was shot in the foot while flying at the Battle of Mons, and his machine was also hit by German bullets, but he was able to plane down to earth and returned to the British lines on foot.—Mr. Claude Grahame-White and Mr. Richard T. Gates were on Sept. 2 appointed by the Admiralty

temporary Flight-Commanders attached to H.M.S. "Pembroke." Mr. Gates has since been killed in a flying accident at Hendon.—Lieutenant-Commander Horton has a medal for saving life at the wreck of the "Delhi" when she went ashore with the late Duke of Fife and his family on board, including the present Princess Arthur of Connaught.—Mr. Pat A'Beckett, who has recently rejoined the Royal Artillery at Weymouth, as a Captain, left the Army for the stage six months ago, and was recently playing in "The March Hares" on tour.

MAKER OF A "400 SQUARE YARDS OF SUDDEN DEATH" SHELL!



THE MAKER OF TURPINITE, WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED BY THE FRENCH AND TO KILL AND "PETRIFY" THE ENEMY, LEAVING THEM STANDING BOLT UPRIGHT! M. TURPIN.

Amazing tales—so far, it must be said, unconfirmed—are going the rounds about the latest death-dealing explosive, invented by M. Turpin, of melinite fame. "Turpinite," as the mysterious composition has been called, is said to have been used by the French in the recent fighting with such devastating effect that "whole battalions of German infantry have been found dead in their trenches, standing bolt upright and still holding their rifles in firing attitude, as though suddenly petrified." Its manufacture is reported to be taking place at a special factory in the suburbs of Paris,

the shells being "finished off in a private laboratory by M. Turpin and two assistants working behind locked doors." Also a special big gun is said to be required, worked by M. Turpin's employés. It is claimed by the inventor's friends that a single 56-lb. shell "is able to kill and—so to speak—to petrify every living thing in a space of 400 square yards." Horses and sheep, the story goes, were experimented on by exploding a charge near them; the hapless creatures dropped dead on the spot the instant the "Turpinite" went off. The "petrifying" agent consists of fumes which spread rapidly.

Photograph by Record Press.

THE PRINCE AT THE PALACE; AND UNITED IRISHMEN.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD AT HIS FATHER'S HOUSE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE HEAD OF A COMPANY OF GRENADIERS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Prince of Wales, who was originally gazetted, on Aug. 8, to the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, has recently been transferred to the 3rd Battalion. The other day he acted as an officer of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and on Sept. 18 carried the colours for the first time at St. James's Palace.

Photograph by P.I.C.



NATIONALISTS AND ULSTERMEN (INCLUDING SIR EDWARD CARSON'S SON) AS COMRADES: A DECLARATION REALISED.

It will be recalled that, in his memorable declaration in the House of Commons on the eve of war, Mr. Redmond said that "the coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the south will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant

Ulstermen in the north." How this has been realised may be gathered from our photograph, which shows a group of members of the 2nd King Edward's Horse. From left to right, they are: Corporal Jackson (Nationalist), Sergeant Kelly (Ulster), Sergeant McNamer (Nationalist), and Sergeant Carson (Ulster).

Photograph by L.N.A.

READY TO BUTT IN! AN ACTIVE SERVICE "BILLY."



ALWAYS SENT TO THE FRONT WITH HIS TOMMY COMRADES: THE REGIMENTAL PET OF THE WELSH REGIMENT.

Owing to the secrecy maintained by the authorities as to the precise composition of the Expeditionary Force, we are unable to state definitely whether the Welsh Regiment's pet goat has gone to the front, but he always goes on active service with

his comrades. It will be seen that his tunic bears one of the emblems of the regiment, the Prince of Wales's plumes. He displays a marked partiality for the Welsh national vegetable, the leek. The photograph was taken at a football match.

Photograph by C.N.



GENERAL D'AMADE.

THE rough-and-ready comradeship, often mute, but always smiling, that exists between the English "Tommy" and French private obtains in another form among the officers of the allied armies. Many young Englishmen with certainly no more mastery of the French tongue—and perhaps rather less—than they gained in the class-rooms of Eton and Harrow have lately been obliged to pound out compliments on French valour and vintages to their foreign friends during wayside respites from the hard work of war. Higher in the scale; this class of comradeship is less easy: formal consultations between Generals and formal congratulations from one to another in despatches begin and end their intercourse. General Joffre himself remains something of a mystery to all concerned, and in any case his English is of the scantiest. General d'Amade makes a notable exception; he is an old friend.

With
Lord Roberts.

To the
average
reader.

Sir John French's description of the manner in which General d'Amade's cavalry had relieved the pressure on the English troops at a critical moment meant no more than that a French Commander had done his duty valiantly and well. But to many military readers the name was already interesting and familiar. General d'Amade has stayed often in London; he has, besides, already been in touch with the English Army on active service. He went through the South African War as French Military Attaché, and though he escaped the Boer bullets, he fell a victim to a common enemy—typhoid.

In the Gondola of London. It is doubtful whether it is easier to wage war or to watch it. The Attaché's business is a difficult one. He is always under escort: "Wherever I walk and wherever I go," wrote Sir Ian Hamilton when he was attached to the Japanese Staff in Manchuria, "I am unceasingly a target for curious eyes. There is no help for it, I know, but in course of time this sense of being watched gets on the nerves, and I long with an intense longing for one of the two most secluded situations in the world—the desert of Sahara or a hansom-cab in London." General d'Amade knows both seclusions. He served in Morocco (his postcards, by the way, from the edge of the desert to an English lady prove his mastery of our idiom), and he has driven up Piccadilly before the days of taxis almost as often as he has driven down the Rue de Rivoli.

The Attaché. In South Africa he made friends with several of the English Generals now fighting in France. In all senses, even to the point of being able to amuse and be amused

by his escort, he proved an exemplary Attaché, and when he did walk alone he had a way of impressing the most suspicious sentry with his good intentions. An Attaché, let it be known, runs a risk of being treated as a spy if he shows the least disposition to nervousness. When he goes forth to observe the country, he must never avoid the eye of patrols or let himself be merged for long in the landscape; it is not safe for an alien-looking gentleman of military bearing to appear too suddenly round the corner. But by confident and easy bearing, and even by timely and noisy blowings of the nose on approaching the danger-zone (both General d'Amade and Sir Ian

Hamilton have anecdotes to the point), it is possible to go through a campaign without being taken for a combatant. General d'Amade's bearing is fit for all occasions.

The Fencer.

It is the bearing of a first-rate fencer. It has the alacrity and finish proper to an exponent of that politest of the arts. General d'Amade has done a great deal for the cult of the foil and épée in England. He has offered prizes at London clubs, and shown how useful competitions and displays may be in spreading the vogue of his favourite exercise. He has preached it at London dinner-parties and in London drawing-rooms. But it is by no means his only subject. "Are you interested in German Socialism?" was his first question to a lady he took in to dinner on his last visit to this country.

An English Label.

He is much concerned with the English view, with the English proprieties, with the English accent. He is one of the few Frenchmen who have gone to the trouble of learning to say French phrases used by Englishmen in fencing and at the table as Englishmen say them. He asks for his liqueur at the Carlton as if he knew nothing of the Parisian "u," and is just as anxious to pay us the compliment of imitation as Mr. Egerton Castle, on his side, is anxious to roll his "r's" and use his foil according to the French tradition. General

d'Amade, however, is not spoiled by laying stress on the niceties of existence. More than would be the case with most Englishmen, he is able to keep the martial character intact under a pile of social attainments. A man of about fifty, with grey moustache and grey-blue eyes, a brilliant horseman and of established valour, he is the best type of the able and active soldiers who are upholding the honour of France in the present encounter. His allies can find no fitter description than that he is an officer and a gentleman.



A FRENCH GENERAL MENTIONED IN FRENCH'S DESPATCHES: GENERAL D'AMADE.

In his memorable despatch on Sept. 7 Sir John French wrote, with reference to the fighting on Aug. 27 and 28: "General D'Amade also, with the 61st and 62nd French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighbourhood of Arras on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British forces." Earlier in the war, General D'Amade was commanding in Alsace. He was formerly engaged in operations in Morocco.

Photograph by H. Waller Barnett.

FAMILY PRIDE.



HIS FOND MOTHER: Look, Dan! They're all out of step 'cept our Jock!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE TELEGRAPHIST.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A RATTLE of firing came from behind a low swing of hills. It started with a long, tearing rip of noise, and tailed off to a staccato rapping of individual rifle-discharges. It leapt up again in a tiny flame of sound, and then went out altogether.

At the first note of the firing the telegraph section of the Engineers halted. The sergeant turned and faced the hills with keen attention. The men on the teams swung in their saddles and looked away over the soft country in the direction of the menacing sounds. The harsh scream of the unwinding ratchet died down, as the rattle of the caissons and the small chink of the traces died down. The whole of the world was piercingly quiet for a moment as the men hung listening for the far-off mutterings of death.

When the section pulled up short, the jerk of the halt from the smart trot had bumped the telegraphist up and down on his hard seat like a pea in a pod; if it had not been for providence in the shape of a wise designer of engineering fitments, he would have been pitched right off the caisson and his earthly career would have ended in a ditch. As it was, providence had provided for exactly this sort of thing, and the telegraphist was strapped to his seat. Instead of diving head-foremost, he rocked on his seat, and, getting his feet well on the splashboard, he steadied himself. The ear-pieces over his head prevented him hearing the noise of the shooting at first, so, when he recovered, he cursed the universe, the Engineers, and this particular signalling section, in particularly whining and querulous tones. He was a little rat of a man who felt that the entire universe conspired against him to his hurt, and that the section had bumped to a halt in this abominable manner for no other reason than to abrase his tenderest feelings. As his fool voice rose up in the hard silence, the shooting sprayed out again, and this time he heard it. As he heard it he shut up at once, and cringed for a moment downward against the seat. Amongst his other vices was that of cowardice.

The sergeant, riding up at the moment, spat his disgust at the sight of this attitude. Sergeants suffer immense wrongs at the hands of fate, but this Engineer sergeant considered that no other non-com. had had to suffer a wrong so unpleasant as the presence of the telegraphist in his section. He curbed his anger with the wisdom of his grade, and asked in a rasping voice if anything was "coming through" from headquarters. The telegraphist, with the teeth of his soul chattering, tried to grip his nerves together and to listen for the faint, burring clicks that would mean a message over the line. He heard nothing. The sergeant was not satisfied—this is the way of sergeants—and he urged a greater listening capacity with fine, terse oaths.

"I can't 'ear hif there ain't anything ter 'ear," whined the telegraphist. "Hi can't make th' Gener-ral send messages, heven fer you."

"Ho, 'e's sendin' them all right," snarled the sergeant. "It's you wot is in too much uv a mortal sweat o' funk ter 'ear 'em."

"P'raps y'd like ter listen fer y'self," said the telegraphist, knowing full well that even if the sergeant wanted to do this he could not, for he was the only telegraphist with the section. "Hi tells yer there's nuthing comin' along . . ." He had meant to say something large and defiant, but his voice tailed off feebly. He was a mean soul, incapable of defiance. Also the firing had spouted up again, and with the coming of the firing he had hot visions of himself being cut and shot to unpleasantly small pieces by a blood-lusting enemy, and his body was weak, watery, and cringing with fear again.

The sergeant swore and looked out towards the hills, and the

scared eyes of the telegraphist followed his gaze. He expected to see legions swamping over those hills and bearing down upon him with a horrible urgency of killing; but the hills were quite bare—quite bare and serene under the silken shimmer of the intense heat. If only the rifle-firing did not well up with that ugly, killing note from the further side, he might have been somewhere near Margate on a holiday. He wished with all his feeble heart that he was somewhere near Margate on a holiday at this present moment. He'd see that he would stay there this time, and not be a blame fool, and, in the hope of steady employment and good pay, run the risk of a bayonet in his stomach, as he risked bayonets in his stomach every moment now. He had been a fool to join the Army, because he was a coward. But it was only now that he knew it.

The sergeant wished the telegraphist hadn't joined either, but he had graver things to occupy him just then. He was bothered about headquarters. From the sound of the rifles, he felt that the enemy's cavalry was in fair force behind those hills, and he wanted to know something more about them; more, he wanted to know what he ought to do. His section was a flying one. It was engaged in laying a surface cable behind the cavalry screen of his own army. At different points along the line, field-telegraph stations were being established, and between these stations he himself was taking and sending messages back to headquarters as the section moved along; that was why the telegraphist rode on the caisson with the headpiece of the receiver strapped over his head. They were busy talking to the main army, handing back news, even as they moved.

Now and then a cavalry patrol would come bumping back from the hills to them with a message; now and then the sergeant sent one of his escort off to the cavalry lines with a "flimsy" from the grand army many miles to the rear. The telegraphist translated the feeble, ticking burr as it struck his ears, and wrote the message that came to him in a running hand on the pad strapped on his knee. At his left hand was the clicker of the sending-machine, and even at a rapid trot he could send his vital messages over the line without hindering the advance. The telegraphist was quite able to do this part of the business. Before he had been fool enough to risk his skin on active service, he had been employed at the local end of the wire as telegraphist to a big daily. When the war had come the daily had cut down staff, and he had gone among the first. Someone had then pointed out to him the need of, and the excellent rate of pay given by, the Signalling Section of the Engineers to expert telegraphists. He had joined. His fine ear and his real ability had taken him to the front at once—to his infinite regret, for he had visioned himself occupying soft and comfortable jobs somewhere miles behind the firing-line.

As the sergeant looked towards the hills the shooting crept down to a mutter, and then went out altogether. The sergeant frowned, and after a moment, said—

"You had better report firing, possibly a cavalry contact, behind the hills. Say it lasted about five minutes, 'bout fifty rifles engaged—but I wish to 'eaven I knew what it was all about."

The telegraphist's hand got busy with the clicker, but he still kept a fearful eye directed at the hills. He seemed to expect huge armies to leap them at any moment, fall on him in their stride, and crush him to earth as they landed. His flesh was creeping with apprehension. He asked the sergeant.

"D'ye think there's any danger?"

"Danger be damned!" snapped the sergeant. "But those blighters might break through at some point and spoil our job

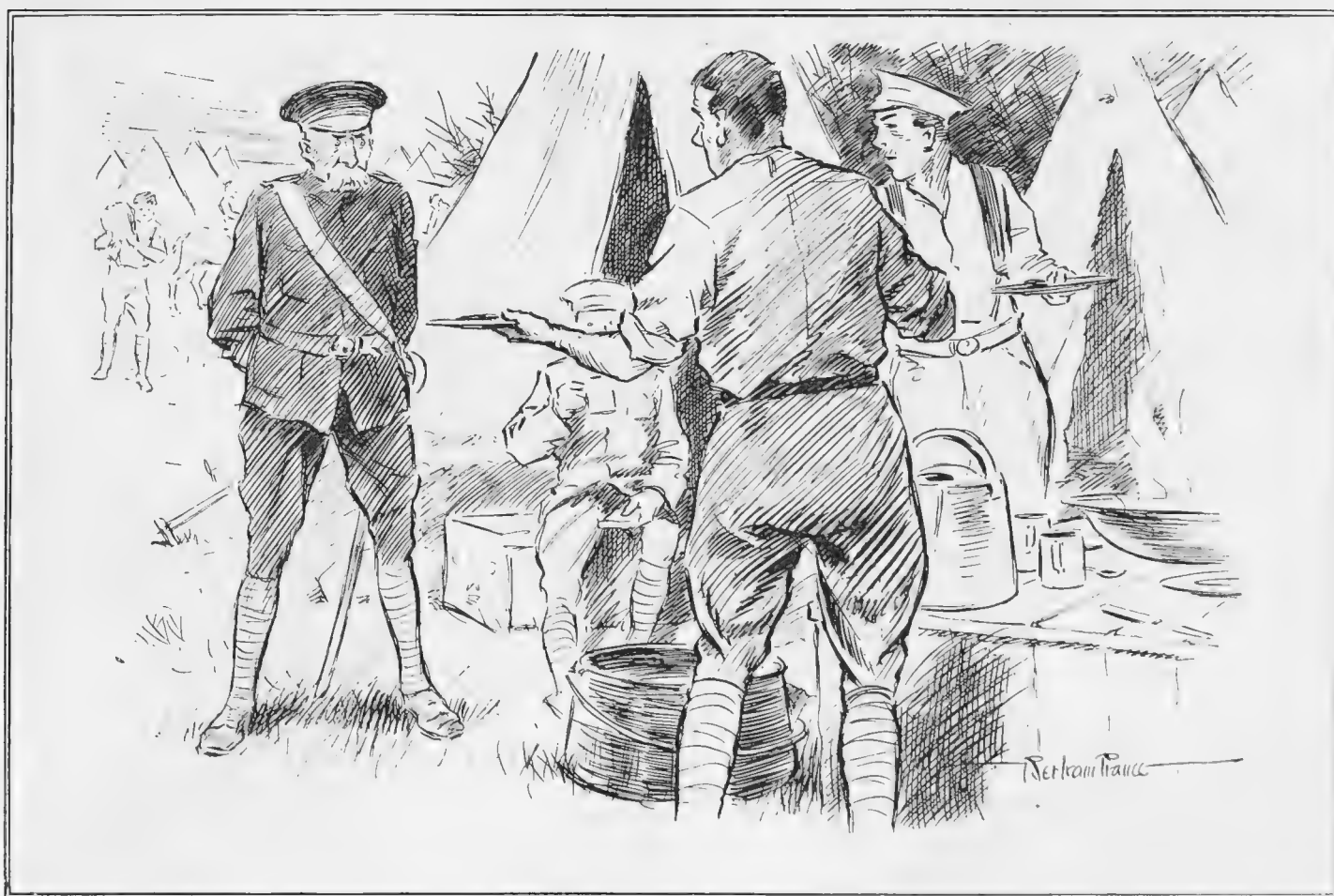
[Continued overleaf.]

TOUGH PROPOSITIONS.



ETHEL: Well, Bertie, are you thinking of going over to fight the Germans?

BERTIE: Er—no—er—you see—er—I nevah get on well with strangers!



THE OFFICER: (new to the Regiment): What mess is this?

TOMMY: They call it *beef*, Sir, but I would'nt swear to it.

DRAWINGS BY BERTRAM PRANCE.

before we're 'arf through with it. Danger! Hif you're thinking of yer dirty 'ide again, let me tell you, you'll be dead meat before you can move a hinch, so don't think of tryin'—it ain't any good."

"Hit's all very well for you to be uppish about me," the telegraphist protested, "but *you* ain't tied down to a blinkin' car. Hif they jump us, they get me, sure!"

He put his hand down to his straps to indicate that the least that could be done would be for him to free himself against any emergency. The sergeant swore at him as he saw the direction of his hand.

"Just only so much as ease a buckle," he rapped, "an' I shoots ye on the spot for desertin' under fire." His rifle came up at an ominous angle, and the shine of its terrible muzzle was in the telegraphist's eyes. "Don't you make any mistake about that," the sergeant ended in a biting tone. "I gets you first at the slightest sign of funk, no matter 'ow many of the enemy are on top o' me." Actually he could have shot the "oly little blighter," then and there. He resented the presence of a poltroon in his section. He resented the presence of a poltroon in the regiment. Without the large parade of spectacular dashes, and Homeric charges in the face of an enemy, the regiment of Engineers has built up for itself a measure of sure, cool courage without show, of which it is immensely and justly proud. To have that record spoilt, even in so small a way, by one rat of a man was more than the sergeant could stand. He meant what he said when he talked of shooting, and the telegraphist knew it. With senses all frayed with fear, he went back in silence to his task of sending and receiving messages.

The telegraph section moved on.

Away in the hills a squadron of the enemy's cavalry, having routed the last few of a weak defending force on an important point of the line, began to move down into the valley. This squadron was the advance guard of a considerable body that hoped to cut in between the lines of their adversaries and do at least a fair amount of damage—if not pave the way for something bigger—before they were stopped. As the signalling section moved forward the cavalry had already seen their advance. Even as the telegraphist trembled with fear for his own skin the cavalry was racing forward to cut the section off, and destroy it in an ambush.

The section moved as it had been moving for the last hour—that is, at a brisk trot. As it went, the ratchet that unwound the telegraph cable was biting into the cogging fixed round the hub of the caisson-wheel, and thus automatically the cable was spun off the drum. Behind the swinging wagon a mounted Engineer caught the cable in a hook set on the end of a longish pole, and with a deftness of long practice, he threw the cable outward so that it fell without fouling to the bottom of the ditch that lined the road. In a country less liable to the intrusion of the enemy, a slower gait and a more obtrusive "air-line" of non-insulated wire would have been strung out all along their advance, and there would have been no wretched telegraphist sitting on the kicking caisson. Now, however, concealment was everything—as rapidity of movement was everything; therefore, things were as they were.

The telegraphist, with fear of death in his soul, hung on to the caisson, wishing with all his heart he was elsewhere. Few messages were to be sent now, or taken, and he had a splendid liberty to think. He watched the drum as it spun on its axles, and computed the number of miles it would have to go before it was exhausted. He knew that long before the drum was finished he would be safe enough. The thought would have filled him with joy if he could feel that he was safe now. And he did not feel that. He knew very well they were close to the thin advance line of their own cavalry, and beyond that line was an inimical army filled with men possessed of a hateful desire to slaughter no one else but telegraphists. The firing meant, if it meant anything, that bullets and sudden death were painfully close to him, and his heart turned to water at the thought of bullets and sudden death.

He knew he was a coward. He had no illusions about himself. He had not come to this war for love of country, for, as things went, he did not love his country half as much as he loved himself. He had no heroic soul. He recognised fully that if one of the enemy came near him he would run if he had the chance; or if he did not have the chance he would fall on his face and eat dirt if by so doing he could save his skin. Saving his skin was his great creed of being. Physical hurt and the threat of physical suffering made jelly of his manhood. He knew that under most circumstances he would do anything despicable to save himself from pain and death. He firmly believed this—and that is why the end of him proved curious.

For the end of him came twenty minutes later, and it was an end totally different from anything he or anyone had imagined would be his.

Fifteen minutes later the enemy's cavalry caught the section, still advancing at a trot; and, without warning, either from the enemy or from the section's own cavalry, supposed to be guarding the hills, the Engineers ran plump into the trap. The foe let the advance men get by and then they blazed away at point-blank range. Out of the gothic bushes lining the dozing and bucolic road the

smash of their carbines tore the air with abrupt and dismaying sword-cuts of sound. The bushes blossomed with scores of stabbing knives of flame, while the hot picric breath of the discharges scorched the very faces of the disconcerted Engineers.

In a moment the place was made frantic with a tangled anarchy of death. The horses in the teams went to the road, weaving the traces into a mesh of confusion. As they went down they kicked, and when they were down they continued to kick with their dire, iron-shod pistons of feet. The driver of "Swing" rose and tried to scramble clear, but a hoof caught him and he was punched clean across the road. The other drivers were lucky—they were past rising.

For a moment the men of the section hung, hands over faces, like men defending themselves against unexpected blows at the head. Then their guns were out, and they were fighting too. Their rifles jumped off in their hands, squirting long, clean jets of flame and smoke. They ran about, trying to get at their enemies, and trying to find cover too. For a moment the worry of fighting growled upon the road, then the carbines exploded solidly again, and when the cavalymen came running in after that there was apparently nothing left to fight.

When the teams went down in a heap, the caissons went rolling forward a few yards until they brought up on top of the tangle of men and horses on the ground. They stopped with an appalling jerk, and the telegraphist was flung backwards with such force as to leave him no doubt at all that his back was broken finally and with the maximum of pain proper to the occasion. When he had been flat an age, he heard the smash of the final carbine discharge, and heard the bullets ringing and stinging on the wood of his caisson. He knew then he wasn't dead, and that he must hurry to get clear if he had any intention of living at all.

He came up sitting, and began plucking madly at the buckles of his straps in a frenzied effort to free himself. The buckles of his straps had unexpectedly assumed Gordian qualities. It was impossible for mortal fingers such as his to loose them. He almost cried aloud in his rage of terror as he fumbled and fought unavailingly.

The enemy, coming running through their own battle fume, saw him working like a chained demon in a minor hell to compass his freedom. The first cavalryman gaped at the pitiful spectacle; the second knew his business better—he did his best to shoot the struggling man. As the bullet snickered by him, the telegraphist covered against his seat, waiting with every fibre trembling for the smashing blow of death. One more carbine went off, and he heard a bullet scream close to his face; then the shooting stopped, and he heard a voice calling to him from, he thought, the vast spaces of eternity.

He opened his eyes. An officer was standing against the caisson, speaking to him in his own language.

The telegraphist sat up, trembling. He was not to die, perhaps, after all. He heard the officer's voice going on, saying something over and over again. Slowly the sound and the meaning of the words percolated to his mind, as water percolates an absorbent fabric. The officer was asking him to do something, asking him to do something quite simple—to telegraph for him.

With his senses growing more and more awake, he began to realise the meaning of the officer's command, for it was a command. What the officer was saying was—

"You must telegraph. Do you hear? You must telegraph your headquarters. You must say that all is clear here—do you understand that? All is clear here. Say that the enemy's cavalry attacked, but that they have been driven back, and that all is clear here."

The telegraphist blinked at the man. He was even wondering if he had heard aright. It seemed an absurd and silly thing to ask him to do, because, obviously, it was a lie. Even as he wondered the officer repeated his command, and the telegraphist saw at once what he meant. The officer expected him to help in putting headquarters off the track, expected him to send false news to deceive headquarters—perhaps to help defeat the plans of headquarters. It was not a silly thing—it was a monstrous thing. He sat stiffly, glaring at the man. The officer repeated his command, and the mean little telegraphist leaned forward and cursed him.

The officer stepped back quickly, and his face grew passionate. His great curved sword came up, and the point of it was a yard from the telegraphist's throat. He said in a thickly fierce voice—

"Do this now, my man—no nonsense. I spit you like a pig if you don't."

The telegraphist, for one astonishing moment, forgot all he had ever felt of the fear of death. He just glared his immense rage at the man who sought to use him as an instrument for deceiving his army and his country. Even before the sword-point he did not flinch. He stretched out his left hand and gripped the telegraph instrument.

"You go to hell, you dog—you go to hell!" he yelled. He tugged and twisted with his hand, and in a flash the telegraph was wrecked.

At that moment the heavy cavalry sabre lunged, and, with a huge wound in his throat, the little rat of a telegraphist fell backward across his hard seat for the last time.

THE END.

IF WILLIAM CAME TO KENSINGTON!



MASTER: Eliza, I'm tired out with all this newspaper reading. Don't let anyone disturb me for the next half-hour, even if it's the German Emperor!

THE TWEENIE: No, Sir; but should I ask 'im to wait?

DRAWN BY FRANK HART.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Our Methods. We show our loathing of the enemies' methods of warfare by eliminating from our midst every trace of them. The ubiquitous Homburg hat is conspicuous by its absence from British heads and London shop-windows. German names have been Anglicised almost as unscrupulously as many Semitic cognomens have been given clan "Macs" and made to match with possessions North of the Tweed. Women will have no trouble in eliminating German fashions from their future programmes—there were never any that appealed to us. On the Riviera the Teutons were known by their singularly unsmart appearance; here they were similarly "spotted" as being the worst dressed and worst mannered tourists coming our way; while, in Paris, German dressing was regarded as an excellent warning of what not to do. The Kaiser, and even more markedly the Crown Prince, were very great admirers of smartly dressed Englishwomen when here, but they made most derogatory remarks about them to their own less ornamental womenkind. There are one or two Englishwomen who could, if they would, tell tales about the Crown Prince's admiration that might considerably astonish those German ladies to whom he expressed his contempt for our women.

Making the Best of Herself. The British woman is an adept in keeping up a brave front. If our men are facing the enemy splendidly, our women are keeping a stiff upper lip at home through trials rather worse than those of actual warfare. It is her care to keep the signs of worry and anxiety out of her face, and so she goes to the infallible Cyclax remedies not from vanity, but from bravery and a sense of duty. Her wounded must not see that her good looks have suffered; she must give them their best cheer by looking her best, as her menkind love to see her. She therefore keeps her muscles



THE HON. MRS. COULSON CHURCHILL FELLOWES :
MARRIED ON SEPT. 12.

Before her marriage to Captain the Hon. C. C. Fellowes, the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes was well known in Society as the Hon. Lilah O'Brien, daughter of the late Baron Inchiquin, and the late Ellen, Lady Inchiquin, and she is half-sister to the present (fifteenth) Baron Inchiquin.

Photograph by Langfieri.

wives and families of their employees who have been sent out to fight, it is specially pleasant to notice that of Hewlett and White, Ltd., Norwich, makers of the well-known and greatly appreciated



GONE TO THE FRONT: AN EARL'S SON LEAVING WELLINGTON BARRACKS, WITH HIS WIFE.

Major the Hon. Cyril Myles Brabazon Ponsonby, M.V.O., is the second son of the eighth Earl of Bessborough, and is in the Grenadier Guards. He was A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, 1906-9. Major Ponsonby also served in South Africa, 1900-1, and in 1911 married Rita Narcissa, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Mountfort John Courtenay Longfield, of Pont Street, and Castle Mary, Cloyne, Co. Cork.

Photograph by G.P.U.

braced with Cyclax skin-food and Cyclax blended lotion, and uses her Cyclax throat-bandage regularly, and consults that wonderful expert Mrs. Hemming on the way to make the best of herself, which is more her duty now than ever. There is a point in favour of the Cyclax remedies—that, despite the great increase of price in chemicals and extracts of all kinds, the preparations of the Company are sold at the same prices as before the war began. Bracine is another preparation now in general favour. The Cyclax Company gains new clients every week, and their old *clientèle* is loyal as ever. It is British throughout, and is also best, because Mrs. Hemming, not relying solely on her own genius, has studied methods of other countries, and has adapted any of those that are commendable to English needs.

Patriotic and Going Ahead.

Among the firms making provision for the

Norvic shoe. Theirs is the largest boot and shoe factory under one roof in the British Isles. The directors are hopeful that employment will be provided for their work-people until the crisis is past: the factory is going ahead at full time now. Nor have they raised the prices of their celebrated Norvic, Diploma, and Mascot shoes for ladies, despite the shortage, and consequently higher price, of leather. It is intended to supply these well-known goods of fine quality at present prices as long as possible.

The Blues Are in the blues because they have so far been out of the fighting. They will have little reason to complain, and will assuredly give their usual good account of themselves. With the Scots Greys, the Blues share a reputation for having many officers of high position. In the Blues are Lord Pembroke, Lord Northampton, Lord Titchfield, Lord Crichton, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Worsley, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, Lord Gerard, and Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower. The Scots Greys have Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord St. Germans, Lord Rodney, and there was Lord Leven until he was knocked out. When we have wars, our officers and men vie with each other in their eagerness to get into the thick of it. The enemy are said to be greatly less eager for this choice than they were at first when they started out to "hack through."

Ay, There's the Rub!

All who appreciate the excellences of Wright's Coal Tar Soap will rejoice to know that, through the generosity of the proprietors, the British Red Cross Society are in possession of 20,000 tablets. It combines the merits of being sanitary, disinfectant, and remarkably pleasant in use. It is a present that the British Red Cross Society have been specially grateful for.

Women and War.

Our sex is showing itself in its best and in its worst colours this war time. Happily, the latter are in a small minority. They are those who are trying, and very hard, to get something for themselves out of the crisis. It is almost unbelievable there should be any such; but we knew them in 1901-2, and now they have hobbled up again as fussy and self-centred as ever. They prate in hysterical terms of desperate distress: there is, happily, as yet none such. Possibly the greatest women sufferers by the war so far are the chorus girls and smaller actresses, formerly petted and pampered, now out of work and neglected. Big authorised societies are looking well after the women who are on half-time or out altogether. When funds are collected there are immediate howls of distress, and the fussy women of position are taken in by them, or pretend to be, and agitate greatly in hope of notice from high places. All should support the recognised funds, and otherwise do what they can in a strictly private capacity. Street begging and begging in hotels and restaurants should be stopped at once.



THE HON. COULSON CHURCHILL FELLOWES :
MARRIED, ON SEPT. 12, TO THE HON. LILAH O'BRIEN.

The Hon. C. C. Fellowes is the eldest son and heir of the second Baron de Ramsey. He is thirty-one, was formerly Captain in the 1st Life Guards, and is now Captain in the General Reserve of Officers.

Photograph by Lafayette.



Wolsey—

Made in Britain—by Britons!

Choose Wolsey, and you not only secure the world's best value underwear—(underwear that is **always** all pure wool, **always** the final word in comfort, **always** guaranteed against shrinkage)—you incidentally help to ensure employment for an odd thousand or so of your fellow countrymen and countrywomen.

There is no underwear made that can better protect you against the danger of chills or over-heating or swiftly varying temperatures—or that will so surely win your lasting satisfaction.

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

For Ladies, Men, and Children. "Wolsey-de-Luxe" Combinations for Ladies are the perfection of Underwear luxury and comfort. Be sure to see the Head Trade Mark when purchasing.

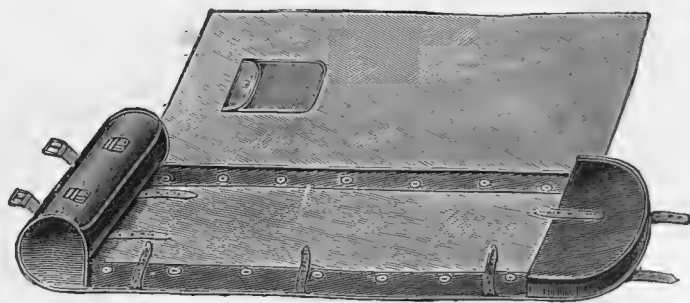
Wolsey underwear replaced free if it shrinks.

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.



John Pound & Co.

ACTUAL MAKERS



The "WOLSELEY" Sleeping Valise. Brown WATERPROOF or Green ROTPROOF Canvas.

75/-

Write
for
Catalogue.



Post Orders
receive Careful
and Prompt
Attention.

Officer's KIT BAG. Best brown WATERPROOF CANVAS, strong LEATHER binding and straps.

52/6

268 - 270, Oxford Street, W.
187, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W. 243, Brompton Road, S.W.
81 - 84, LEADENHALL STREET, London, E.C.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"

139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TELEGRAMS: "WILANGIL, LONDON."

TELEPHONE: REGENT 3681.

JEWELS RE-MODELLED.

WILSON & GILL beg to draw the attention of their clients and prospective customers to their present exceptional facilities for remounting old-fashioned Diamond and Gem Jewellery.

WILSON & GILL are willing to execute any orders they may be entrusted with for remounting or alterations at extremely favourable terms. A unique opportunity is thus given for keeping their workmen employed. Designs and estimates submitted free of cost.

WILSON & GILL INVITE A PERSONAL VISIT TO THEIR SHOW-ROOMS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF ALL DEPARTMENTS POST FREE.



Old-Fashioned Diamond Star Set in Silver.



The above Ornament Re-mounted as a Fashionable Pendant, forming Brooch, Set in Platinum.

WILSON & GILL undertake the re-modelling of old-fashioned ornaments with or without the addition of other stones.

By the use of the new invisible Platinum Settings, the effects obtained are most exquisite.

Customers who wish to realise on their old gold jewellery, in order to contribute to the War Funds, are invited to forward such articles to WILSON & GILL, who will be pleased to make the best possible offer for same and otherwise give advice and assistance without charge.

WILSON & GILL'S GUIDE FOR COLLECTORS OF ANTIQUES, INDICATING DATE MARKS, PERIODS, AND STYLES, FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Wounded and the Belgians.

The extraordinary enthusiasm of the women-folk in this world-crisis—the desire to aid, to lend houses or offer hospitality to wounded or refugees—leads to much overlapping and even to humorous incidents. There is hardly a country house I know which is not “prepared to receive cavalry” or infantry in a state of temporary disablement, and great is the disappointment when the wounded heroes from Mons, Cambrai, and the Marne do not arrive. “Have you any convalescents?” is the daily greeting between the Fair; and “No; but I have eleven Belgians” is the usual answer. I do not remember any war in which the private individuals of a nation offered hospitality in their own homes like we are doing now. There is no end to the kindness, the zeal, the sense of comradeship. House parties have ceased to be thought of; the partridges disport themselves in the roads and fields; modish ladies have put away their fine feathers till happier times, and are now garbed in “overalls,” distributing bandages or arranging their billiard-rooms as temporary hospitals. So we have seen young Duchesses, unable to organise base hospitals, go out cheerfully as Red Cross nurses at the front. There is almost an excess of zeal at the present hour, but the point is that we must keep up our enthusiasm and vigour for the whole time that the war is bound to last.

Cheerful Tommy.

I spent one afternoon at Netley Hospital the other day, going round the wards helping to distribute the handkerchiefs, grapes, and cigarettes provided by my munificent hostess. It says much for the cleanliness of the modern soldier that the things they most coveted were clean white handkerchiefs, and into the breast-pocket of many a hero with his good right arm slung up I tucked one of these necessities. But the cheerfulness of Tommy when he is wounded! His enjoyment of the most elementary joke, his bright eyes and courageous outlook, his pride in the bullet which he “stopped” and which he insists on your taking in your hand, his modest account of his doings in the battle—all make up a delightful personality, modest, courageous, and naïve with that naïveté which is better than the cynic’s wisdom. At Netley, indeed, in sunny autumn weather, the invalid soldier has everything to hearten him. Outside is the sparkling, blue Southampton Water, with the green Island well in view, and ships passing up and down as if there were no World War in progress. There are green gardens in which a military band is playing cheerful and martial airs, and long galleries giving on to this pleasing scene where Tommy can lounge and talk to his fellows. Many are almost well, and quite gay they look in their bright blue linen suits and blood-red neck-ties. Netley is said, by modern surgeons, to be an “old-fashioned hospital,” but for brightness and cheerfulness it can hardly be beaten.

The Downfall of “Swank.”

I do not think, after this war, that “swank”—especially the military variety—will be permitted among civilised people any more. The Germans have made a little tin god out of an oaf tricked out with a bit of gold lace and a brass helmet. They suffered his spurs to prick and his sword to strike civilians who even ventured to smile as he passed by. The Kaiser’s uniform has joined the limbo of things we don’t want, and it would need a Carlyle to write its epitaph. Clothes and swagger will no longer-rule the world, and if we must retain armies at the end of this war, then modesty, steadfastness, and cheeriness will be (as, indeed, they have long been in England) the qualities most admired and cultivated. Up to the South African War, it must be admitted, there was still a good deal of “swagger” at Headquarters and among certain crack cavalry regiments, as witness the confident way we began that campaign. No contrast is more dramatic than the tales which come to us of the arrogance and brutality of the crack Prussian troops; and the cheeriness and coolness of our men. The soldier who marches with a football slung to his knapsack, who bewails the loss of his pipe when he comes out of one of the most terrible fights in all history and who receives bayonet in hand and a song on his lips, the charge of three times his numbers in German cavalry—this is the soldier who wins in the end. For arrogance is only a feeble shield put up by one who is really doubtful at heart. A brave man—witness our Navy; the crews of our liners, the police who hold their lives in their hands in the purlieus of the East End, the miners who go down the shafts to rescue buried comrades—has no trace of “swank.”

The Empress Club and the War.

Very warlike indeed are the interiors of some women’s clubs in London nowadays, but perhaps the most business-like is the Empress, in Dover Street. Here a whole section of the club has been denuded of carpets and draperies, and given up to the Voluntary Aid Committee in connection with the Red Cross. One of the large dining-rooms is now lined with spacious wooden cupboards, in which articles wanted are neatly classified. All day long, members and their friends are cutting and sewing, winding bandages, sorting and packing off the various articles sent in. Boy Scouts and motors are in waiting, and everything is done expeditiously and well. The Hon. Secretary is appealing to everyone who possesses surgical appliances—and all families have many such things hidden in cupboards—and all necessities of the sick-room to send them, carriage paid, to 15, Berkeley Street. Members can bring in their friends to work, and tea is served in the afternoon to all helpers. There is a busy scene there on most days. Gifts of clothes for the Belgian refugees are sorted and sent off at once; and this succour for Belgium, after all, should be our chief preoccupation at the present hour.



THE REGULATION DRESS OF A RED CROSS NURSE

The regulation dress of the Red Cross nurse is made of dark-blue zephyr, the apron of thick white linen, with a red cross stitched on to the bib, which is passed under straps on the shoulders and fastened at the back of the waist. A white cap and over-sleeves to the elbow and a plain stiff white collar complete the costume.

First Show of Autumn & Winter Fashions at Peter Robinson's Oxford Street— Monday Sept 28... and ... following days



The "Strathmore." Fashionable Coat in good quality Nap Cloth, well made and finished. In several useful and smart shades. **£2 18 6**

The "Olga." Elegant Coat in Mohair Pony Cloth, fur substitute, trimmed with large shawl collar of black fur; lined throughout silk. **£4 14 6**

The garments here illustrated are made by British workers from reliable British fabrics. Patterns of the materials will be forwarded on request, post free to any address.

PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD STREET · W

Peter Robinson Ltd.



FULLY realising the large demand there will be this Winter for MODERATELY PRICED goods, we have made special efforts to anticipate the requirements of our customers, and the public, in this direction.

All the Latest Styles in garments ready for immediate wear are now being shown in our various departments, and the Values are the best we have ever offered. Special attention is directed to the splendid collection of Tailor-made Costumes priced at from 49/6 to 5 gns., and also to the wide range of serviceable Coats at from 25/6 to 4 gns. each. We invite inspection.



Furniture.

Furniture.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

THE NEWMAN AND OXFORD STREET DEPOSITORIES

are compelled to DISPOSE OF the whole of their
GIGANTIC STOCK OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE

at one-third the original cost. These goods have been removed from several large Town and Country Residences, and are almost equal to new. Such a collection of high-class furniture has never before been offered to the public at such ridiculously low prices. Below are a few examples:—

Large-size BEDROOM SUITES, complete, all periods, with BEDSTEADS, etc., **£4 10s. to 100 gns.**

Two very fine GENTS' WARDROBES, in grand preservation, **£5 17s. 6d.**

DINING-ROOM SUITES, complete, in all periods, whole rooms, **£12 12s. to £150.**

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES, CABINETS, CARPETS, SHEFFIELD PLATE, and every item for FAMILY COTTAGE or MANSION. Do not miss this opportunity.

Goods can be stored until required, and paid for on delivery. Special department for country and shipping. All orders carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom. Write for Catalogue.

THE NEWMAN AND OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.)

ESTABLISHED 1850.

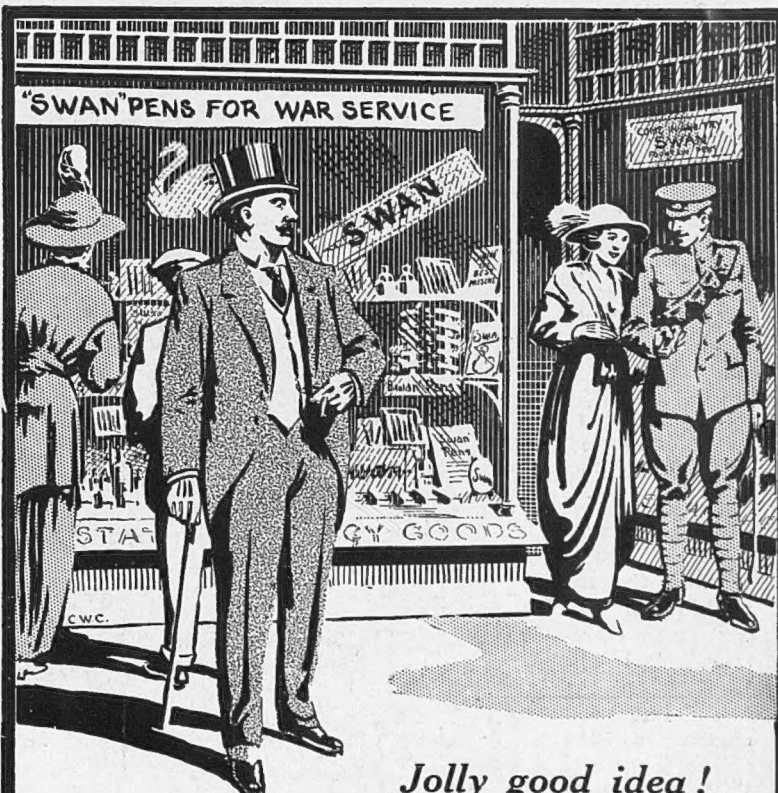
102 and 102a, DEAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

One door from Oxford Street.

Opposite Richelieu Hotel.

A. DAVIS, Manager.

Business: nine till seven-thirty; Saturdays, one.



Jolly good idea!
Give a 'Swan' to anyone off to the front



A necessary item in the Kit, and a most useful Present for every Officer, N.C.O., or man.

Prices from
10/6 upwards.

Catalogue free.
MABIE, TODD & CO.,
79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
AND BRANCHES.

Sold by all
Stationers.



MOTOR BARGAINS: AEROPLANES IN ACTION: A MOTOR WAR.

What a Chance! The buying and selling of motor-cars is always more or less at a standstill at this time of the year, for the simple reason that, in the normal way, Olympia, with its new patterns, is within measurable distance. Apart from this, of course, the war has injuriously affected the retail trade for the time being. Naturally, there are not wanting those who elect to take a gloomy view not only of the duration of hostilities, but also of the prevalence of financial depression for months to follow the conclusion of peace. One cannot but reflect, however, on the rare opportunity that is afforded at the present juncture for the acquisition of cars, both new and second-hand, at particularly low prices. Certainly any show-room manager who has any stock left on his hands would be glad enough, at this late period of the motoring year, to accept something considerably lower than list-price for the purpose of a quick sale and cash in hand. As for the second-hand-car market, it must necessarily be in an astounding state. Many owners who, in one way or another, were immediately and adversely affected by the declaration of war will have decided to part with their cars if purchasers can be found; added to which is the fact that car-owning officers have been called to the front, and in some cases have left their cars behind for realisation if possible. Not in numbers only, however, is the second-hand market more liberally stocked than usual. The cars themselves now on offer are of a superior class to the three or four year old types which are generally put upon the market. Anyone, therefore, who is bold enough to take a reasonably optimistic view of the war and the future, and has enough cash in hand for the purpose, may count on picking up a car which is not only a rare bargain as to price, but is quite sufficiently up-to-date to admit of his using it next year with equanimity.

A Welcome Recognition.

Could anything illustrate more forcibly the desirability of having Press correspondents at the front than the tardy but welcome news of the successes of the British Flying Corps? Nearly all the reports that had previously come through

suggested the comparative uselessness of the aeroplane in war, for no end of cases were reported of aviators having been brought down by shrapnel or rifle fire. As a result, even the official organ of the Royal Aero Club was led to publish a distinctly pessimistic leader on the subject. Yet all the time, as we have since learned from Sir John French, the Royal Flying Corps was simply doing wonders at the front. Could anything be more complete as a testimony to the practical value of the aeroplane as such? To quote his own words: "It is impossible either to award too much praise to our aviators for the way they have carried out their duties, or to over-estimate the value of the intelligence

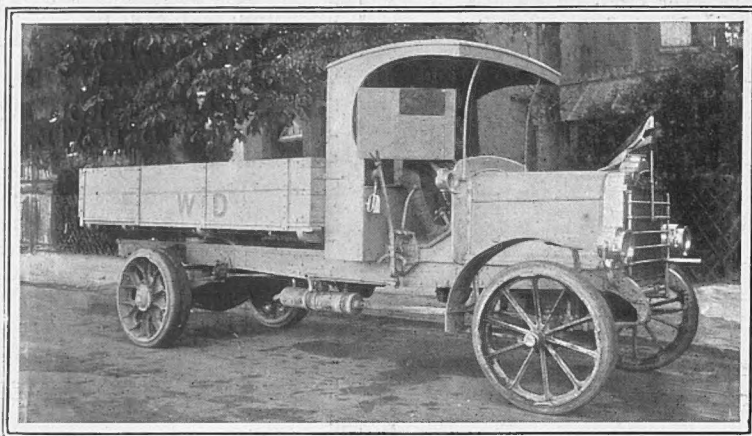
collected." As a matter of fact, for twenty days they were carrying out a daily average of more than nine reconnaissance flights of over a hundred miles each.

War in the Air.

What is even more remarkable is the way in which General Joffre himself was impressed with the performances of the British flying men. France has always led in aviation, and its army has been supposed to have many more aviators and machines at its command than our own; yet the Commander-in-Chief of the French armies expresses his great astonishment at the "precision, exactitude, and regularity" of the news brought in by the British aviators. In view of the fact, however, that previous news had engendered the opinion that aeroplane reconnaissance mostly ended in the aviators being shot down, it is especially valuable to note that the Royal Flying Corps not only did its primary work with perfect success, but even repelled the incursion of hostile aircraft. What our men appear to have done whenever a German aeroplane hove in sight was to go up and attack it in mid-air. Now, if the newspapers themselves had said that in no fewer than five cases British airmen had successfully accounted for German pilots in this way, the public would have been tempted to regard the statement as more fanciful than real; but the fact remains that the stirring episodes are officially recorded, and if only the Press had been represented at the front the incidents would severally have been described at the time of their occurrence, and the public would not have been left so long in doubt as to the efficiency of what has been definitely proved to be a highly important arm of our fighting forces.

What of the Motor-Car?

Meanwhile, not a word has been issued, at the time of writing, as to the services rendered by the automobile equipment at the front. We do not know how many motor vehicles are in use, nor the influence which they have had upon the effective movements of our troops. It is a certainty, however, that the number of motor vehicles with the British Army runs into several thou-



FITTED WITH A TRIPLEX GLASS BULLET-PROOF SHIELD FOR THE DRIVER: A WAR OFFICE MOTOR-LORRY.

Armoured motor-cars have been much used in the war, and the protection of the driver's face is, of course, very important. The photograph shows a War Office lorry, fitted, for trial purposes, with a bullet-proof shield of steel and five-ply Triplex glass. The shield can be fitted to any motor-lorry in a few minutes, and, when dismantled, can be packed flat. The panels of Triplex glass can be quickly removed, and fresh panels substituted.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.



RECENTLY EMPLOYED IN CONVEYING TROOPS TO THE EAST COAST: A 35-SEATER NAPIER CHAR-A-BANC. The Napier char-a-bancs were well known in times of peace. Now they have proved themselves a convenient means of transport in war.

sands; that cars have proved invaluable to our Generals, and, along with motor-cycles, to the Intelligence Department; that the transport of troops has been expedited by the use of motor-buses and motor-lorries; and that, above all, the lines of communication have been efficiently maintained, thanks to mechanical locomotion being employed for food and ammunition supplies. Needless to say, the motor-car has proved equally invaluable to the other armies, of Allies and enemies alike, and it is hardly too much to say that the distinguishing feature of the present colossal struggle, as compared with all its predecessors, is that it is first and foremost a "motor war."



Support the Prince of Wales National Relief Fund. Contributions should be forwarded to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace.

An appeal to PATRIOTISM.

Will YOU answer it?

Continental tyres are made in Germany by the enemy. Their purchase here assists him, while the use of **any foreign** tyre diminishes employment for British workpeople.

British-made

DUNLOPS

are far superior in quality, and can be supplied in unlimited quantities at usual prices.

Fit them to your motors and cycles and help to keep the flag flying.

What is YOUR answer?

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,
FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY.
Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent St., London, S.W.; Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

Dunlop solid tyres for heavy commercial vehicles.



By appointment motor tyre manufacturers to H.M. King George V.



Smokers from Scottish Fiction:—Mr. Oldbuck.

SMITH'S No. 1 Smoking Mixture

Perhaps it is, on the whole, easier to reach a higher standard of excellence in mixtures than consistently to maintain that standard in the face of a constantly increasing demand.

Smokers of Smith's No. 1 have the assurance of the makers of the celebrated SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE that the rare excellence of their favourite mixture will be uniform at all times—whatever the demand.

If your tobacconist does not stock it, ask him to procure it for you.

2oz. Lead Packets - 1/3 | 4oz. Airtight - - - 2/6
4oz. Oval Tins - - 2/6 | 8oz. Oval Tins - - 5/-

DR. PIERRE'S SAVON DENTIFRICE.

THE BEST dentifrice for the Hygiene of the Mouth.



CLEANSSES thoroughly and
WHITENS the enamel of the teeth.

STRENGTHENS the gums,
LATHERS moderately.

AGREEABLE in use, it PURIFIES and PERFUMES the mouth.
SOLD IN STERILISED ENAMELLED TUBES OF ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.

SAMPLES 2d. Post Paid, Depot S.D., 203, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The Illustrated London News
FINE-ART PLATES,
PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.
172, STRAND, W.C.



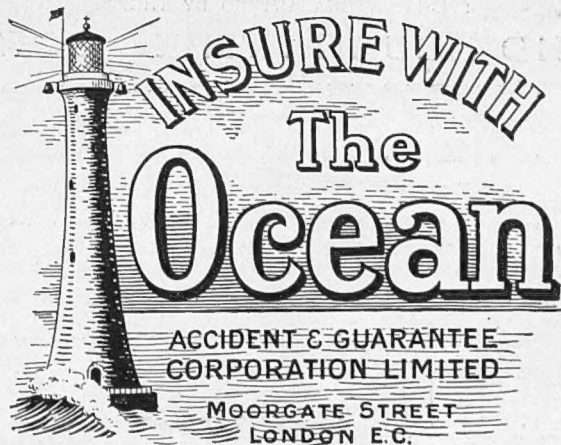
IN TIME OF WAR

Economies must be effected, and in no way can this be better accomplished than by utilising the services of

P & P
Campbell LIMITED
The PERTH DYE WORKS

the house with a century's experience in cleaning and dyeing.

Write for Free Handbook containing useful information, with price-list and address of nearest Branch.



ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

MOORGATE STREET LONDON E.C.

SERVICE DRESS

ORDERS EXECUTED IN 24 HOURS.
FIT & ACCURACY GUARANTEED.
MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(as sold elsewhere from 4 and 5 Gns.)

HARRY HALL

"THE"

MILITARY & MUFTI TAILOR.
ESTABLISHED OVER 25 YEARS.
HIGHEST AWARDS, 12 GOLD MEDALS.

207, OXFORD STREET, W
(near Oxford Circus.)

(Telephone: Gerrard 9867-68.)

&
149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
(near St. Paul's.)

(Telephone: City 2086.)

Telegrams:
West End Establishment: "Hallzone, London."
City: "Arriaric, London."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Great Miracle."

By J. P. VANEWORDS.
(Stanley Paul.)

While the world holds a nursery the world will not lose interest or belief in spells; and though Mr. Vanewords' story of one is not especially written for children, the conditions by which the spell worked are moral enough to have a place in the nursery literature of the 'fifties. The owner might pass through anything—brick wall, floor, or what not—and anything might pass through him, even to a bullet, so long as he never gave way to naughty feelings of revenge. It was an odd talent for a Bayswater clerk, and not the least interesting problem how it should be used. If it could be transmitted to a large number of our Expeditionary Force the advantages would be obvious—but a house-agent's clerk! He did, indeed, carry the question to a friend who was a soldier, and was told "You ought to give your country the first chance." But of course the Home Secretary refused—any Home Secretary would—the service when offered. And, being free to adventure with his gift, Fairburn went on to decide great issues of war between other nations: in the early days he would stick a knife through his hand to prove his immunity, now he blew up battle-ships. But ingenious though the achievements are, quite the best chapters of the book belong to the early days when the mantle of power sat new on his shoulders. He frightened his landlady so by "showing off," popping through his bedroom wall into the passage, that he could only reassure her by tales of greater wonders at Maskelyne and Devant's; whereas the most marvellous disappearances through the floor of the Old Bailey merely persuaded the Judge, with a sniff, to adjourn the case. The case remained adjourned while "Mr. Roderick Fairburn, though a fugitive from justice, nevertheless, during the short period described by him, subdued a nation and perplexed mankind."

"Shadows of the Past."

By JOHN LITTLEJOHN.
(Chapman and Hall.)

It is not impossible, though unusual, to find newspaper reports of people wandering like lost sheep who have left, not their tails, but their memories behind them. A great doctor once spoke sceptically of these cases; they had their reasons, he thought; 'twere folly to remember, and wiser to forget. Do such unfortunates lose their ability to read? Are they aware of the multiplication table. Can they recollect the use of a tooth-brush or the capital of France? One wonders. The gentleman whose past faded into oblivion in Mr. Littlejohn's story retained

all the useful working knowledge of life so painfully attained in the earlier years, but completely forgot his name, and his affairs, and anything at all relevant to his personality. He had been severely mauled and thrown into a canal by the terrible villain of the piece. And this fiend had assumed the hero's human form, which was something of an Apollo's, in order to perform a murder, subsequently attributed to the unhappy hero. Any sifting of the more delicate, complex motives of human action has formed no part of the author's plan; he has set himself to a tale of violent deeds done by men whose personalities, so far as they have any, are wantonly criminal. So there remains, or should remain, the thrill, the delightful, hateful thrill induced by demoniacal wickedness. It used to be very easily awakened long ago, in the nursery. No nurse was too stodgy or too futile for success where it was a question of the bogey. Soon the prison-house which grows about the growing boy shuts out the bogey, with other fascinating things; but how many accomplished writers have bent their talent to cajoling him back for the sheer delicious fright of him! From Edgar Allan Poe to Kipling they have done it. Mr. Littlejohn has a vigorous aim at it with Oby Badenoch. "His face was long, narrow, fleshless and colourless. His hair was of a sickly milky whiteness. His eyebrows and lashes gleamed and sparkled in the strong glare of the incandescent gas-light like hoar-frost. . . . It was the face and head of a gargoyle." Each separate feature broke up, became convulsed with a harsh, shrill cry between a scream, a shout, and a cough, and Oby Badenoch laughed. To attempt reminiscences of the horrors Oby lent himself to when he wasn't laughing; when he was really serious, would be to give Mr. Littlejohn away, but there is a chance for the not-too-hardened reader who reads diligently, that he may find himself going to bed with a nervous glance over his shoulder and a somewhat hurried turning up of the bedroom gas.

Oxo have given one ton of Oxo (£700 worth) to the Prince of Wales's Fund.

Ten thousand tablets of soap have been presented to the British Red Cross Society by Messrs. Bronnley, of Acton.

The Lotus Shoe makers, Stafford, are working exactly as usual, and particular attention is being devoted to boots and shoes for active service. Officers replenishing their kit will find No. 658—and other Lotus numbers—eminently suitable for campaigning purposes, these being strong, waterproof, and absolutely comfortable boots.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON
SEAFORD
EASTBOURNE
BEXHILL
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES. EVERY SUNDAY. THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman Express, leaves Victoria, 11 a.m., returning at 9.30 p.m. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s.

EASTBOURNE IN 90 MINUTES. EVERY SUNDAY from Victoria 10.40 a.m., returning at 5.15 p.m. Day Return Fares, Pullman, 12s. 6d., 3rd Class, 9s. 4d.

WEEK-END TICKETS by all trains every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and 8 or 15 DAYS' TICKETS, by all trains up to 12 noon every Friday from London Bridge, Victoria, and trains in connection from Suburban Stations.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT SEASON.

RYDE
COWES
SANDOWN
SHANKLIN
VENTNOR
FRESHWATER
ST. HELENS
BEMBRIDGE

WEEK-END TICKETS by all trains every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and 8 or 15 DAYS' TICKETS every Friday by all trains up to 12 noon from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA, and trains in connection from Suburban Stations.

Details of Superintendent of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

also for ordinary Colds. 4/3 a tin. At all chemists.

Your chemist can obtain a free sample for you. Ask for it.

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.

FREE INSURANCE

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

COUPON - INSURANCE - TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited Act" 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

September 23, 1914.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.